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JULY 1973

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

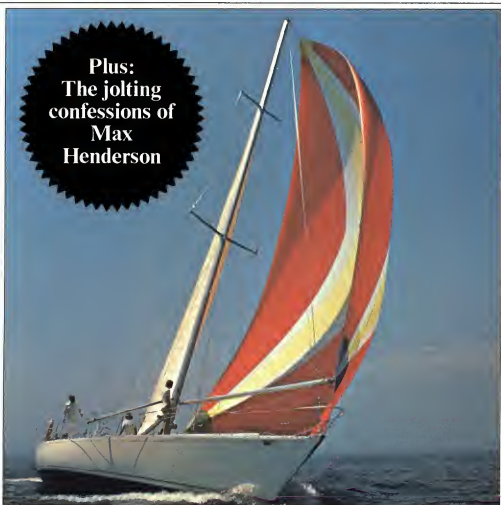


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THE VIEW FROM HERE

The Dark Side Of Temptation And What Watergate Means To US

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

All during the Watergate escapades, I've been thinking about a story an American newspaper once told me about Richard Nixon. It was during the late Fifties and he was steering the Middle West as Eisenhower's vice president, trying to boost the soggy fortunes of obscure Republican congressmen, backing up the party bosses that would eventually lead him to the presidency. As he landed in Toledo a crowd of two-surviving young Republicans rushed up around the aircraft and Nixon responded with one of his characteristic victory waves. Accompanied by a small press contingent, he switched to the DC-3 of a small freight airline for a safe ride to a place called Delwin, Ohio, where he spoke about "all the old-fashioned virtues" and a little money and shook a lot of hands. It was late at night when his party got back to Toledo and the airport was deserted. Nixon's first stop in a converted limo, stood up the ramp of the large plane that would fly him back to Washington. Then, just before boarding, he turned around, looked a smile and waved at the empty tarmac.

The story of that was genuine at Toledo so long ago has stuck in my mind's eye as an indication of the man's essential integrity. He has always seemed to me like some self-contained planet. Even, with the noise and the war-shaking banality of truly imperial pompousness. There was never any one Nixon. From Chicago to Watergate he has been a perfectly straight line. Still, the Watergate scandal has revealed a whole new dimension to the Nixon phenomenon. His lyricalism and his sense of the order to which they were loyal, his orders as if not clear) seriously distorted the democratic system of the United States to give the President's reelection. This was corruption of a very special kind.

While we wait with a mixture of fascination and disgust, there is no way that Candidate can see the integrity of Watergate. It's not only that Watergate is unlike any political scandal in Canadian history (and we've had our share), what's more important is that the American's response to the mismanagement of a political leader is completely alien to us.

Naught recently, "know how many distinguished Americans have viewed the system by which it is possible to hold the head of government responsible for the misdeeds of his subordinates without at the same time appearing to attack the head of state."

Even so, at least two safeguards are required immediately to make Canadian federal governments less susceptible to the dark side of the temptation that corrupts power. The first is a fundamental revision of an electoral district system that has been forced to take on political debts they must redeem once they reach power. The second is a new system of electoral districts that would be set up in 1984, made some urgent and careful recommendations but nothing has been done since — even though Prime Trudeau called his "top priority" in the spring of 1980.

The other, equally important, reform is to guarantee the long term independence of the Auditor General of Canada. On page 36 of this issue, Maxwell Henderson, who has held the job for the past 13 years, sets out some of the ways in which politicians have tried to pressure him from making certain that the expenditures of federal funds are properly accounted for. Now, it's a long, long way from the \$17-million non-revenue bonfire to the ugliness of the American scandal, but Watergate doesn't develop overnight. They grow out of small weaknesses, "leakages," through, however, honest, honest, honest and politicians who forget that they are supposed to prevent public and not their own interests. The way to prevent a Watergate North is to bring in the necessary reforms in Canada before they are needed. ■

MAGAZINE'S

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COVER: Bonaventure V., a 22-foot C & C sloop built at Oakville, Ontario, owned by Bertie Herman of Toronto and winner of many international racing honors. Photograph by Canada Wide.

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The National Energy Board is the policeman charged with guarding Canada's precious resources of oil, gas and electricity. As such, the board has impressive powers: its recommendations could block oil shipments to the U.S., and the arrangement by which Canada and the U.S. swap electricity, never gas and oil links across the border — or double them. That's the theory. In fact, the board is a Keystone Korp, even if its sales contract alone powerful for roughly that comedy.

Take the Mackinac Valley Pipeline. At some point this fall or winter, its oil and gas consortium will bring an application before the NEB for permits to route gas along the Mackinac and transport it to the U.S. In theory, the NEB could throw that application out, and that would be the end of a five-billion-dollar dream. However, the ecologists, economists and aesthetes who have taken up the cudgils against the pipeline would first find every if that happened. Not only is the Liberal government behind the pipeline, the NEB's own possession of solid energy supplies include 200 million barrels of oil per day — which will come after the gas starts moving — flowing through a Mackinac pipeline by 1980.

Well, then, what's the point of the NEB? According to Brian Kelly, energy and resources spokesman for Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, it is simply a "rubber-stamp" for the federal government. "They don't want to take responsibility for this man-made gas pipeline," says Kelly. "So they'll let it be the board." According to Ian McDougall, a law professor at Dalhousie University in Halifax and one of the few Canadian experts on the NEB, it provides "symbolic insurance" rather than real protection for Canadian interests.

The NEB's reply to those criticisms is to keep its head down and its nose low. The commissioners do not give interviews to the press, in their circles, and a spokesman for the board would only tell me that "in the current political climate" — "that is with a minority government" — "you don't get much distance from the administration." The theory is that the NEB does very well the job it was told to do, and that's a case worth making, but I have my own theory, which is that this vague body is simply an anachronism, a gaggle of experts who have been outlived by the oil industry and outflanked by time.

The board was established on the recommendation of a royal commission set up on the heels of the Trans-Canada Pipeline debate in 1956. It was clear then we needed an expert agency to evaluate energy experts, so a five-man board of commissioners was created, provided with staff, armed with law and installed

OTTAWA

BY WALTER STEWART



W. Stewart

Politics Zaps Our Energy Board

with gratitude to downtown Ottawa. Today, the NEB has seven board members and a support staff of 200 housed in the top floor of an Albert Street building, a short mid-drive rail from parliament.

Here, the six board members under Chairman R. D. Hayward (the seventh resigned in 1971 and has not been replaced) rule on applications from anyone who wants to build or vary a pipeline, or export any form of energy. They also keep track of Canada's reserves, and it was for NEB's eye of alarm that they caused the government to limit oil flows to the U.S. this March (which brings another point, the NEB's past performance has been very mixed). In 1971, it had to refuse permits to export natural gas supplies which its own members had indicated were surplus to Canadian needs.

The board reports to cabinet, which alone can justify its role in findings. Thus, if an application fails before the NEB, it simply disappears, if a pipeline, without man decide whether or not to accept the finding. If almost always does so, although there is one case on record in which the board approved an application with mappings, and the cabinet killed it. It was changed, revised and approved later.

Two problems have arisen since the board was created in 1959. In the first place, in those dim and hazy days, environmentalists were as rare as whooping cranes and the public interest in energy matters was confined to a two-word question: how much? Even today,

the board has no environmental division although it has plans for one — and seems to consider the issue beyond its jurisdiction. It approved a power plant at Lovensville, N.B. last year, although the energy will go to the U.S. while the pollution, which a federal-provincial study has warned could reach in millions of dollars worth of damage, will remain in Canada. Pollution Probe claimed the decision reflected "the federal government's business policy of providing the U.S. with clean and cheap energy at the expense of Canada's environment."

In the second place, like so many regulatory bodies (the Keweenaw Peninsula Investment Commission springs to the queuing mind), the NEB is being asked to rule in abstract terms on what are essentially political questions. The six board members — four career civil servants and two politicians — are certainly competent to give pipeline opinions — but not to decide whether Canada should join the U.S. in one happy continental energy family. We already know how lay board members feel about pipelines and energy experts. Chairman Hayward has said: "There is no doubt that pipelines can be built in the North" with perfect safety, and his only worry is that such pipelines might be "perpetrated out of the market" by too rapid installation. N. J. Shaw, the associate vice-chairman (and former vice-president of Amoco Canada Petroleum Co. Ltd., a subsidiary of Standard Oil of Indiana), told the Canadian Association of Petroleum Producers: "The board would certainly rather not restrict exports of oil, just to a world rather than reduce applications to export gas, if it can be avoided."

That good man belongs to another time, before the cry of the environmentalist, to say nothing of the ecologist, was heard in the land. What the board needs today is a back-to-opposition, established not only through its environmental division but also through the department of a new, environmentalist-conscious minister. Today, the public interest in most hearings is represented by occasional appearances by Pollution Probe, which once has through the representation of a new, environmentalist-conscious minister. Today, the public interest in most hearings is represented by occasional appearances by Pollution Probe, which once has through the representation of a new, environmentalist-conscious minister. Today, the public interest in most hearings is represented by occasional appearances by Pollution Probe, which once has through the representation of a new, environmentalist-conscious minister.

The board also needs a national energy policy as a guideline, so-better, no longer suffer. Finally, it needs the clear understanding that its role is limited to providing technical advice, and that its major mission is to the Mackinac Valley Pipeline — the ultimate decision will be taken by the politicians, in the House of Commons where it belongs. ■

Walter Stewart is an associate editor of Maclean's.

BY GENE LEES



Andrew Malcolm

Keep Off The Grass

The pre-pot people would have you think that society is divided neatly into two groups: kindly, enlightened, and intelligent souls who have extensive knowledge of marijuana and find it benign, and those benighted and determinedly unenlightened bigots who condemn it out of a puritan terror that somebody might be having a good time.

Who has made this kind of sophomoric society so palpable is that, at one time, only puritans and reactionaries were opposed to marijuana. (Nobody else much gave a damn, because few people used it.) The group put forth the lie that marijuana is addictive: that the fact that a drug isn't habit forming doesn't automatically make it harmless.

In fact, there are many people who have used marijuana and given it up after noticing disastrous effects on themselves—a group that includes Norman Mailer, a not inconsiderable number of scientists, and myself. Mailer thinks it produces memory damage. So do I, and also convulsions, in one many researchers, that it renders a lot of people paranoid.

The lush counter if pot makes you weed, the crack is to you, not in the stuff. That's delicious reasoning, at best. Society hardly needs an epidemic of a drug that can rip open up the cracks in personality. And what does it do to those who are seriously disturbed to begin with? Anyway, some scientists think the drug itself may cause the fissures. A study at the U.S. Public Health Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, produced evidence that THC, a drug synthesized from hashish, caused hallucinations in most subjects when large doses were taken. Two individuals involved complained of feeling more unpleasant following large intakes of THC.

Now, I'm perfectly aware that pot really does seem to do no damage to some people. I have friends who use it with apparent impunity, infusing me with it with my life. The question is: does pot do harm to a significantly large number of people and to society? Among the people who have concluded that marijuana does harm a significant number of years is Dr. Andrew Malcolm, a Toronto psychiatrist, who was for eight and a half years on the staff of Ontario's Addiction Research Foundation. He was let go for "budgetary reasons." Malcolm claims he was fired—really because he thought members of the foundation should take stands on the marijuana issue, instead of disseminating wobbly-wobbly statistics. The public, he argues, expects in experts to give frank opinions. Dr. Malcolm was about to begin an extensive study on the apparent ability of marijuana to heighten suggestibility when he was dumped.

New Andrew Malcolm has published

a book called *The Case Against The Drugged Mind* (Clarke, Irwin & Company Ltd., \$2.50 in paperback) in which he raises questions about the drift toward what he calls a "demonophilic society"—a world in which people want to get stoned, stay stoned, whether on Scotch, grass, speed, or whatever. The book is a seamless piece of evidence blended with reasoning; it is a book that should be read by every doctor, legislator, and parent in Canada.

One of the things that concerns Malcolm about marijuana is its tendency to heighten suggestibility. "It is the enormously heightened suggestibility of the person (on the Alcohol Scale of Consciousness) that is the source of many difficulties," the doctor writes. "As his ego boundaries dissolve he begins to feel progressively more helpless. His needs expand, and in his extremity, he reaches out to the people of his milieu. They will guide him and he will be grateful to them for this necessary assistance. During the period in which his judgment is defective and he is unable to use the brain that evolved to use reality as its compass star, he has no ability to resist, he is helpless, and in this condition he receives the instructions flowing from his milieu. He tends to accept such advice uncritically because his capability to judge has been temporarily overwhelmed."

In other words, he may believe whatever his guru tells him. Malcolm defines the facile comparison to often made between pot and LSD as follows: "The difference between LSD and marijuana is that LSD is a Canadian (poet, singer and novelist

smokers do not, at a rate, seek any state short of intoxication. They want to get stoned, and if the supply is sufficient, this is the condition they achieve. Although alcohol is still far more various a problem in our society by virtue of its vastly greater consumption—most users, on most occasions, drink alcohol without any desire to achieve a state even approaching drunkenness."

There is another point Malcolm doesn't make, but should: if Canada was so light on pot and the United States did not, a flood of disaffected Americans would flow here, as to Kamunda, to get it. And it seems unlikely the U.S. will tighten marijuana California is the most conservative and penalized state in the union. Last November, a proposition to legalize marijuana was put on that state's ballot. The heads proclaimed that the referendum had arrived, and that, as one of them put it, "Marijuana is an idea whose time has come." The people voted it down three-to-one, while, incidentally, voting liberal in some other areas.

What makes Andrew Malcolm particularly irritating to simplistic thinkers and what he calls "the naive humanists" is that they haven't succeeded in making the "reactionary" label stick to him. In conversation, he explains, "I am as liberal as I ever was about the oppressed people of the world, about the environment, about superhighways, about women's rights, about abortion, about public health." And, in fact, he fears that career socialists and communists will produce a reactionary backlash.

"And then," he says with a sigh, "I will have to run my weight back toward the liberal position." A lot of people with Malcolm would know why. There have been attempts to keep him quiet, or at least to dry him out, so he can't be so vocal. He appeared on one television show whose producer is a head, his producer was very, very agitated about it. It is a career that has put crowd, which strenuously advocates freedom of choice and speech, well, when they get into places of violence, almost always side any dissent from their position. Malcolm can't even get an atmosphere of suppression. So can I.

And so on. Clarke, Irwin & Company, his publisher.

Accompanying my promotional copy of the book was an oddly sized note that referred to "the controversial book" and to "Dr. Malcolm's controversial stand." None in the minds of its publishers, then, a book that favors freedom and takes a stand against sugar-coated "neutrality" and its author "controversial."

There's how far we have progressed, in 30 years, toward what Dr. Malcolm calls "the chemophilic society." ■



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A little girl stops playing with her dad and he is up at her mother. "Mommy," she asks, "is Daddy a doctor?" "No," her mother laughs, "he's a doctor."

A young woman is sitting in a hospital lounge. Across from her is the family of a dying patient. She has to be a spectator in their grief and feels an intruder on their privacy, but her husband, an intern, has asked her to stay there while he answers a call. She feels she should wait until he comes back, but he left her two and a half hours ago. Finally she feels so uncomfortable she decides to go home. When she had been back in the house an hour, the phone rings. "Sorry honey," her husband says, "I forgot I asked you to wait for me."



Patients may be dangerous

Life And Death And The 100-Hour Week

It is 5:45 — not yet dawn. An internist stands in the window of the operating room staring into the dark. His back is to the operating team and he watches the surgical team at work on an emergency, a woman with a perforated colon has developed fecal peritonitis. The surgical resident has had one and a half hours sleep in the last three days. His wife is seeing him for divorce.

Every doctor's wife who waits through her husband's year of internship can tell you exactly what this means of waiting for her husband to come home are rewarded by the appearance of a kitchen maid whose only interest is to get some sleep. Having gone to bed immediately after dinner, he sleeps until morning. Then he will get up, return to the hospital, the usual day that says him of his strength and his marriage of joy.

I have told my own husband what he is weary of in that doctors understand that about him, they only understand disease. That's why pathology in their primary study during medical school, and it's why residents' and interns' lives are governed by rules that are reasonable even though they are coming and sleeping — of a healthy life. Hospitals set up the interns' schedule, and the interns may be required to work from 80 to 100 hours a week. I was glad to discover that someone is better qualified than I, and whose experience of these problems is more immediate, agreed with me Dr. Brent Wood Sporn of Cambridge Hospital, Cambridge, Massachusetts, wrote in a letter to *The New England Journal of Medicine*. "It is inevitable to have working hours that allow them to lead healthy personal lives, so that by example they can do the most for their patients."

Each of sleep is serious for the intern and as unnecessary to his wife, but it is a potentially dangerous to his patient. The United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare reported, in a

study called *Current Research On Sleep And Dreams*, that sleep deprivation causes a gradual deterioration in mental functioning with the result that a tired man makes the peak of acute awareness when faced with a dilemma, and his general responsiveness is greatly reduced. When adaptation to challenging situations is seriously impaired by too little sleep it is literally a life and death experience in medicine.

St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto right now has an intern schedule for the emergency service, that is based on a 14-day cycle. An intern gets five days free during the two weeks, but the days he works are often stretched out to 16 hours. And that means 16 hours on his feet not seeing patients, not waiting around to be called for an emergency should it arrive. If he has nothing to do with the shortage of doctors, it's deliberately based on an unbroken rule of isolation in the medical community. "If we can't break you in your intern year, you are not ready to go on."

Last November, the board of directors of the Canadian Medical Association and the Canadian Hospital Association sponsored a two-day meeting called Health Action '72. Again, hospital associations were spaced when they were concerned with the need for change in health care and increase of medical insurance in Canada. They were disturbed by its "over saturation by patients and professionals alike," which is reasonable, but what about the "overuse of professionals?" One of the

Rosamond Cunningham is a free-lance writer and the wife of an intern.

sons the group agreed on was to bring to Canadian "the best primary, diagnostic and therapeutic health care available." Admirable, but is it possible when the doctor who is asked to treat a car accident victim or an unattended suicide is trying to catch 40 winks standing up? From a necessary point of view, why should the layperson pour money into every medical student's education to receive treatment from someone whose faculties are marred by exhaustion?

Dr. Colin P. Rose of the Montreal General proposes that interns and residents should go on eight-hour shifts. He writes in *The New England Journal of Medicine* of January, 1972, that "the benefits of such a system include an increased response of residents to more patients, curricular of long apodictic rounds, more rational patient care, and no more sleepy interns."

The acceptance of intern's contraction of care is an important aspect to Dr. Rose's suggestion. Recently in Toronto a patient's name appeared on the operating room list and to happen with all patients scheduled for surgery, an anesthesiologist went to see him. He was the first doctor to see the patient's chart in two weeks. Tests ordered a fortnight before had been coming back from the lab showing abnormal results, and were noted on the charts by nurses, but no doctor had seen any of them.

Medicine is not of the most conservative factors in society. That is necessary to. When working daily with human life, doctors must be moderate, a doctor can't afford to take chances. When, then, the most of medicine is in a profession where moderation, discretion and care are essential?

Dr. Gervase Hughes, president of the Canadian Medical Association, speaking at a Mount General conference observed that nurses are not allowed to do work, both in the preventive care and emergency areas, that used to be done by doctors exclusively. Unfortunately, according to the provincial medical acts that is illegal, but it is a step toward dispelling the myth that doctors, and only doctors, should look after patients.

If changes are to occur in the administration of university, such changes should be the concern of the medical student. Dr. H. W. Davidson, chairman of the Department of Physiology at the University of Michigan Medical School, spoke in a visit of graduate students at 1972, saying that "the university is one place where self-reliance is institutionalized, where areas are systematically reported and where errors and mistakes are habitually sought and debated. It is the one place in the world where a man is paid to think."

It's time somebody in charge of our hospitals did some thinking, too. ■



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MEXICO

BY JACK LUDWIG



Hustler, a real mo'!

Derek: A Fourth-String Millionaire

Nobody in Philadelphia will push a job harder than Derek Sanderson. In the Age of Hype, you see, everything is inflated, including inflation. And the Age of Hype produced the greatest Alger pay yet. It's about the way the World Hockey Association has to be launched with a splash magazine. The format was *Bomber Football* star "Fat" Bladen from the WHA's team of Buffalo Bulls from the Chicago Black Hawks. Should the WHA join Bobby Orr or Phil Esposito in jumping, then the National Hockey League is in real trouble. But neither Bobby nor Phil will jump. Who will?

Who will? The Elton of the ice, then, that's who — Derek Sanderson, a good, not great, hockey player with a mischievous and a strangely vulnerable rammy, suffering, so it seemed, from a suddenly ascending condition, called in the Age of Hype the WHA doctors prescribe an instant cure for Derek, reportedly \$2,625,000 for 16 years. Ha! Derek's instant dizzy, it also signed by Philadelphia, as a favor. Derek got himself, fancy that, a Radio Boyce, carries \$1,000 bills in his \$50 golf clubs to remind himself "Hustler, Alger, not mo'!" He does everything, so first, except play hockey (right games to fill). He's hurt here, he's taking there. He can be average, he tells, he spends. Which doesn't help Philadelphia's share of the Gross National Product one little bit. Little Johnny McKenna, who jumped from the Bruins to the Blues with Sanderson, supposedly is his player-coach, takes his job so seriously that he turns some of his coaching duties over to an assistant in order to work harder at playing hockey. Varies, varies — the star Alger tells me supposed to be mischievous, if not mo'. McKenna the Hustler does all the grasshopper things, with the star's like to move for the grasshopper's long grocery warm water instead of being grass, hamburger, and heaping his loads a over the snow. In order for Philadelphia's second to have a staying shot of suit, now and then he pops up in uniform, plays a little hockey, or appears on half-time TV show *Grasshoppers Land of the Stars*.

Murderer within. Philadelphia grows was. The WHA seems in danger of coming down with something suspiciously like cancer. A generation of Canadian kids are permanently corrupted by Derek's successful play. Never mind the questions raised by the Team Canada-USSR series. "How good is Canadian coaching? How much effort goes into a team's conditioning?" The kids on the radio have a better question. "What do I have to do to get me Derek Sanderson's lawyer?" Some kids say the next possible link is Yul Brynner. Hollywood bolsters the instant. Someone starts a

runner Derek will be the first shavel-head in hockey. Someone else suggests — misquoting! — Derek is planning a lot of hockey huggers.

Meanwhile, back in Boston, the team isn't having such a good time. Mike Schmidt, smiling over his moral, we never met left at the rocky Bruins before to complete a Toronto Maple Leaf dream of, say, having an entire club carrying a city the NHL's pasported amateur salary. Schmidt trades Sanderson a lesson by letting him go to Philadelphia for two and a half plus. He also lets Eddie Westfall go to the New York Islanders in the NHL draft, then getting out of the best penitentiary year in the league's schedule, watching McKenna leave. Nobody cares much when Teddy Goren goes to the WHA. But then comes the coup of course. Suddenly to find Gerry Cheevers when eye-smoking and miraculously standing head to toe in the Alger world, the Bruins act as if they could care less when Cheevers jumps to WHA Cleveland. Proof? In a matter of days a Stanley Cup team becomes an Oiler and Cheevers away from Long Island. Astute hockey observers suspect Schmidt has cut off his line to save his — I forget what. To make sure he doesn't find a moral category for the harassment of Orr and Esposito the Bruins "lose" Schmidt. Later, when, of all things, the only ex-Bruin free to jump back in the club is our old friend Derek Sanderson, Tom Johnson, supposedly, says something like "It's me or him," say of the last lost line ever devised for a coach's use.

Jack Ludwig is a Canadian author and author of *Hockey Night in Mexico*.

Al, but back in Philadelphia someone has come up with a bargain that's real deal-optional. *Before we know Sanderson*, we're the argument, one person, we were willing to pay a few million to get him. Well, now that we got him, we'll work a million to clear him!

Derek, as I found out in talking to his Bruin teammates in 1972, was ever one to respect authority, on getting rid of Sanderson all Philadelphia agreed. As a bonus, Derek agreed to take daddy out of Philly eventually.

So in the last weeks of the NHL season who's back smiling, hugging out of the first-off circle, standing head-to-head with his goalkeeper, Derek Sanderson. When he left he was Boston's third-string goalie behind Esposito and Fred Stanfield. A cool on/off laser, having done nothing, he comes back, now Boston's fourth-string goalie — his place having been taken by Boston's brilliant rookie coach, Gerry Sheppard.

Schmidt is going to remind Tom Johnson is reminded. The Cheevers Bruins needed so desperately was keeping goal before 1,000 or 1,000 fans in the WHA play-offs. Not even Bobby Orr or Phil Esposito will make half of what Sanderson got — I don't say named — this hockey season.

Oh go grasshoppers!
Clide clide clide!

Significantly, Sanderson's go with the WHA and NHL demonstrates how professional hockey allows for goalball grasshopper another pro sport, basketball, would never contest. A basketball's without much less half a season but no longer. A season superstar like Nate Archibald of the Kansas City-Omaha NBA team won the league 1972-1973 scoring championship and made the first-time All-Star and yet his own coach considered him as a poor team player. Evidently the NHL has lower standards. The 16 players drafted for a league game may include one court player. When Derek Sanderson was finally played an excellent defensive game of hockey this season, after Phil Esposito was hurt in Stanley Cup play, the Bruins scored six goals from Derek. He didn't deliver. His Bruin teammates dropped all the rainbow ride long before reaching the golden Stanley Cup pot at the end. Derek already had his pot. His teammates probably noticed.

In the Age of Hype, it's okay. Alger never breaks any of your friends, and lets Bruin Reynolds do a for a change. And Derek? He's studied to control Bruin Reynolds. Oh if you were born a soap or a cereal. . .

The Elton situation is right. Great! Talent? Coach? Talent? Work like an ant, slave like an Alger!

"Well, no, no. In this life you just have a gunnack, that's all!"

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It's the presence of skill, craftsmanship and a unique dedication to excellence. It's what gives King Arthur its fresh, clean taste balanced with perfect dryness. Taste King Arthur Gin and you'll discover a very special pleasure. That's the Seagram in it.

[illegible]

I have just finished reading the May issue of your great magazine. My congratulations to those who took part in *The Native Confession: A Canadian Tragedy*.

When I first subscribed to *Maclean's*, I thought I was subscribing to another Sunday magazine, but it isn't so. You are truly "Canada's national magazine."

S. KILBICK, RED LAKE, ONT.

Congratulations on your editorial and articles on Canadian Indians in the May *Maclean's*. As a grandson of a Scottish immigrant of 1845, I was brought up on the principle of justice and fair play. The country could never have been explored and developed without the help of the native people yet their aboriginal rights are denied, and aboriginal lands continue to be exploited. My personal thoughts for immediate political action are as follows:

3. The ancient people own the land first in the white man, but we are going to have to work hard to regain that trust.

The series of articles in your May issue, *The Native Condition: A Canadian Tragedy*, was extremely well compiled. However, I felt an injustice was done by Duke Redford's statement in *Berenson: For Understanding*, "We did not have a concept of land ownership, competition for personal gain, a crisis, illegal law, judges, magistrates, police forces, jails, institutions, political parties, money or written language." As an anthropologist, I know this statement to be erroneous.

The Indians of North America had developed a concept of land ownership. Although land was not allocated politically, as in our culture, it was allocated according to kin groups, and according to one's status within the kin group. Competition for personal gain certainly prevailed among the Plains Indians; men went on constant competition with each other as hunters, and the best hunters were usually rewarded with special cultural privileges. It is true that armies are not characteristics of societies with a low population density, and therefore

I could continue to list parallels between native and white culture, but I feel my point is made. To foster cross-cultural understandings and trust is part of the Indian way of life. To Mr. Randall his done. It is to emphasize the gap that exists between red and white. That gap, I feel, is not as wide as many think, and it is about time that we started to stress similarities rather than differences, like rather than dislike, and acceptance rather than discrimination.

JOEY YAN NHEE TORONTO

Aboriginal rights should be thoughtfully looked into and, where applicable, adequate compensation should be made. I also feel that Indian parents should have the same degree of education for their children as when parents do, perhaps if they had the privilege of paying for it, so what parents must, would be beneficial in both ways.

Indian independence should be encouraged, but true independence will never be achieved as long as they are financially dependent.

MRS. E. E. ARNOLD, EDMONTON

Congratulations on an excellent week! Sunny Canadians satisfied with the "strong land" will now begin to think and act to right the wrongs against the native people. What a country this could be if the three founding races could grow and learn together.

SUNNY SUNNY CANADIAN ONE

I have been following Jack Ladwig's perceptive analysis of the Team Canada-USSR hockey series — *Team Canada in War and Peace* (December) and *Spirit (May)* — and I appreciate his ability to get behind the fact that "We won" (and the accompanying delirium) to bring out the important implications of the series. Unfortunately it seems that those who should know better believe that Team Canada's victory says a lot. Between periods in the May 7 Chicago-Montreal game, a film was aired which dramatized the training that future Russian hockey players go through from an early age. The commentary (by Jack Denton) was factual, with one omission: the value of such early training

Four First-Hand
and co-announcer Dave Hodge announced in summary that it was "interesting" that it was not recommended as the only way, mentioning what was obviously an important step in building a minor hockey system and a national team. The six, seven and eight-year-old children so generously described will be beating our children 13 years from now — and we "rock" it to death.

During the same game Valerie Kharloushe was interviewed. He stated that he was a spectator, and did not play for money. Of course, there may be two sides to that story too, but I wonder if Renee Fisher was listening.

MARIE WINTER, LAC LA PUCHE, ALTA.

Winning Isn't Good Enough by Jack Leung — Sports (May) — brought back many painful memories of the Canada-Russia series. To a great many proud Canadians, the shame caused by the appalling conduct of those "clowns" we had representing our country will never be forgotten. More care must be taken in the future regarding the selection of individuals capable of representing and preserving Canadian honor, win or lose.

MAE CH. BRANCO, MIAMI

In answer to *The Passion Of A Brown Boy* by Greg Clark (May). We know that, next, regrettably, among so still so many, it may go by, and that it will be a long time before we can all be so much at ease. At least, let us be aware of the hypocrisy of those who tell us they are animal lovers. "If he wants to be successful, he has to learn to love his victim."

If I have some long bones, would I enjoy the act of killing even if it becomes necessary? No way. And what about going out with a gun or how killing the creature and eating off its head to hang on to my will? That's a loser!

A. F. DANIEL VICTORIA, BC

Along with other outdoor writers, I have tried for years to explain the phenomenon that causes me to hunker. I readily admit that I have failed. I was almost ready to conclude that a rationale explanation was impossible.

As a writer I am aware of the influence of an editor and I applaud you for your willingness to prohibit the hunter's side of that "blood and guts" story which has been sensationalized in other Canadian publications. I know you are not a hunter and I find certain you will strongly influence both anti- and pro-hunting people. But I think

also receive the respect of a good many writers and readers.

LARRY JOHNSON, SCARBORO, ONT.

Your article on sleep — *The Dynamics Of Sleep* by James Paquet and Antonia's Reflection (May) — was great. So great in fact, that I was not able to finish the first page. By the eighth paragraph I was so weary of it that when my eyelids started to blink, the text was interrupted and was not completed until eight o'clock the next morning when my alarm went off. What else can I say? It was great!

MIKE CHANDLER, BURLINGTON, ONT.

It is a 16-year-old high-school student, and I'm writing in reference to an article titled *Norfolk: Gastroscapes* (March) by Sandra Goudie.

I will not deny that food can be enjoyed as well as it is a basic need, but I disagree with the extremes it is taken to in this article. Paying \$50 for a meal for two people is a preposterous. Spend \$20

be/b, that few Canadians can enjoy. The whole idea of paper restaurants annoys me — it is so marginal in today's society. Judging people by their preferences is a sure way to indignities. CHRISTINA WITKOWSKI, VICTORIA, BC

used to think the many people who understood the real meaning of *Lace College Dying At A Work Of Art* (April), and who took that extra mile to attempt to express their reactions so beautifully. As the letters came in, I realized that *Lace College* had been understood. It was no longer concerned, only gratified that it had served a useful purpose.

The constant in court in, strong-willed, and the most beautiful of all was "Blazing in their skin baby, and look love you" – the last paragraph of one letter. Another warm and lovely letter was signed by a whole family of eight: "Why else can I say but thank you?"

Now *Lace College* has become a running point in my life, an experience never to be forgotten. I hope my thanks expressed here will be accepted by everyone who finds it impossible to answer such letters.

Fanny Williams was rightly in suggesting that Mobil has no intent of Sable Island (April). Instead of pressuring Mobil and other garages on Sable as opposing factions she might in fairness have acknowledged the conservation work being done cooperatively by Mobil, the Nova Scotia Resources Council (including some of the Dalhousie University people mentioned in the article).

continued on p. 24

NAME (please print) _____

ADDRESS (new if for change of address) _____ APT. _____

[illegible]

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Your View continued
and the federal government. That three-way approach may be unique in Canadian resource development.

I would like to assure you that, contrary to statements made in the article, Tealco Energy Transmission Corporation is not the money behind Moho Oil Canada, oil flows are never restricted in either flow, and so on in the industry has ever heard of the Tealco consortium. A. R. NIELSEN, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER, MOHO OIL CANADA, CALGARY

Try to remember

I for one stand with Rick Salazar — *The Great Canadian History Robbery* (April). We Canadians know so very little about our own history. For instance, how many Canadians outside of Prince Scotia have ever heard of the Halifax explosion of December 17, 1917? Caused by the collision of two ships, one an ammunition carrier, this event resulted in the death of 2,000 men, women and children in the explosion or in the subsequent fire that struck that same night. Until the bomb blast at Misaken the Halifax explosion was the worst man-made instant catastrophe in the history of the world. Why have we forgotten so quickly, and why are the vivid memories reserved only for the San Francisco earthquake and fire of a decade before Halifax?

No, our history is not dull — just misread by our historians. Must we continue to be bored, if not outraged, by them?

A. W. REIDELL, VANCOUVER

Warmer already

The April issue is absolutely beautiful in the most personal sense. As a new Canadian I am fortunate not to be afflicted with the monumental hang-ups of the founding races. But John Herd's article on *Wanunga* — *Adoption By A Cold Land* — really touched close to home. In only six months in this new home I have already experienced most of the feelings and emotions he describes so well.

RON BRIGGS, WINNIPEG

Correction

In the statistical table, *Why Love — And Love*, accompanying *The Maple Connection: A Canadian Tragedy* (May), we mistakenly added percentages again to the figures comparing suicide rates. As the title of that group states, those figures are correct for the rate of suicide per 100,000 population and should not have been expressed as percentages. *Maple's* apologies for the error, and we wish to thank those readers who took the time to call it to our attention. ■

INSIDE MACLEAN'S



Alan Phillips

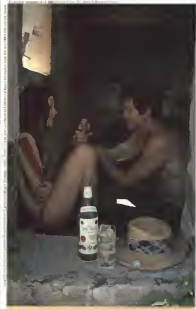
Amusing the detail surrounding the rescue of Martin Barrowell and the subsequent inquiry into the plane crash was a task for even the most scrupulous of reporters. The story took four months to tell, November through March; it may take forever to understand. One of the known qualities of news events that cover long time periods is that the whole is seldom the sum of its many parts. For parts divide or inflate directly according to the level of reporting.

Alan Phillips knows as much of the detail as anyone outside of Hartwell himself. And Phillips is a reporter with enough to serve his information, to build confidence through coverage, and from confidence begin a rational interpretation. When Hartwell's plane was reported missing, Phillips was already involved, conscientiously searching a book on search and rescue missions in the Canadian bushlands. *Maple's* dispatched him immediately to the scene, and he stayed on through the desperate weeks of the rescue operation, the full account and the scenes of utterance afterward, talking to everyone who knew anything at all.

At 56, Phillips is more comfortable with stories that begin with a jigsaw puzzle assortment of knowledge. *Maple's* has called on his abilities in the past to make sense of such complexities as municipal corruption, poverty and the reach of the Mafia in Canada.

The mystery of these articles, Hartwell included, has depended on extensive research, the trawp card of his reporting. Through it Phillips establishes an intimacy with the facts and the personalities. "The secret is to be able to interpret," he says. "The facts go from notebook to mind, and there are held up to the light. That can put you in a trading position, with the subject waiting your view to make to you next."

The trading that went on between Phillips and the people involved opened many new sources of information. His account of the Hartwell story, which begins on page 17, reflects the talent of an extraordinary journalist. ■



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WILD MILD



Maclean's

The ordeal of Marten Hartwell

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED ON THE LOST FLIGHT FROM CAMBRIDGE BAY TO YELLOWKNIFE

We were there in the banquet hall of the Yellowknife Inn to discover the truth. Presiding over the inquiry was Yellowknife coroner Walter England, flanked by a two-man jury, five of them pilots. At each side sat three 30 reporters, waiting to break the story of cannibalism, which a few of us had been waiting on for two months. At centre front were six lawyers, and behind them in the packed hall, 30-odd witnesses who would tell us, we hoped, how Hartwell had crashed his plane, how full, and how and why his three passengers had died.

During the inquiry they told us as little as possible about Marten Hartwell's desperate struggle for survival, a struggle which culminated in the single fact — unpublished until now — that 36 pounds of flesh were missing from Judy Hill's body when rescuers finally did reach the crash site. Not all of it had been eaten, some was stored in Hartwell's shelter.

The cause and effect of tragedy is very seldom simple and later truth was veiled in uncertainty and mystery. Never before could pilots recall a crash one could afford to never had crashed and rescuee never before in the 36 years since the RCMP set up had the Search and Rescue Service been so widely and accurately organized. The Northern Health Service, the Ministry of Transport, the northern airline operation — all had been accused in the past of complicity in the tragedy. And now Marten Hartwell, hero of a saga of survival, was being accused as the latest in a kind of monkey play, not at this request but through it, in the focus of public opinion.

It was clear by the inquiry's second day that the truth would be hard to

come by. Hartwell was an Edmonton with little intention of testifying, and according to Bill Tremor, the Justice Department legal adviser who was directing this production, he was outside the coroner's jurisdiction. And as for the lawyers — Tremor sitting for the prosecutor, Rod Cavanagh for Hartwell, Howard Irving for Gateway Aviation Ltd., Hartwell's employer, Philip Kershman for Judy Hill's estate, Armand Deslouches for the Armed Forces — they clearly all knew would face, and clearly none wanted facts to come out that would incriminate, discredit or embarrass their employers. During and after each session they huddled together talking in low voices, and while only they know if made-oaths were made we all know that facts were withheld. Not only

the facts of cannibalism, sensational but irrelevant, but facts on which future lives depend, for the Hartwell search, in essence, was typical.

It was nine o'clock last November 1 when Hartwell took off from Yellowknife in a two-engine Beechcraft 19, sometimes known as "the Welles no magnet." His target, an Arctic coast drill site, was locked in. He was short of fuel and picking up ice when rescuee engineer Gern Thomas, his charter, suggested he divert to Cambridge Bay, half an hour down the coast.

He had just landed when a name, Ann Budd, came over. Another Gateway plane, she said, was bringing in two sick patients from the tiny Woodlark Peninsula outpost of Spence Bay. They had to be flown in heliport in Yellowknife "as soon as possible."

Hartwell wanted to hear the weather was rainy. "I'll have to talk to the other pilot," he said.

Dr. Logue landed his Twin Otter 10 minutes later. A full moon shone, Judy Hill, who a boy trapped out, then Dr. Ernest McCoy, a psychiatrist and Northern Health Service consultant. He had been visiting Spence Bay when a pregnant Eskimo woman, Neenah Nullopuk, had unfortunate labour, premature and complicated. And he'd diagnosed the stomach pain of his 16-year-old nephew, David Koonook, as acute appendicitis. They'd all come in with Logue.

While McCoy attended his patients, and the nurses and Thomas stood by, Logue and Hartwell debated who would fly the medevac. Hartwell was reluctant but the range of the Beechcraft 19 was 300 nautical miles, that of the Otter only 600, if Logue and Ann Budd



ILLUSTRATION ON NEXT PAGE BY ATTILIO FRANCESCHI



whether might not be able to make it.

"Well, that's it over," Logsdon told Hartwell, "while I check the weather." He was the northern pilot's nuclear dilemma. To sign the log to be flying, passengers VFR (visual flight rules) at night, but in a land where winter daylight only lasts for three to six hours, pilots are forever flying in and out of darkness. Hartwell's flying hours of eight years a mile was the biggest part of his annual pay, and Thomas had offered to pay for a half-day if Hartwell brought back survivors. But Hartwell was tired, he was 40, he'd flown five and a half-hour party in and out of fog, he could run into clouds and he had no instrument rating.

Perhaps if he'd been more sure of himself he'd have said no, but he was just getting into his job with the biggest head-on in Canada. Conquest was rough, Northern Health was a valued client, and Logsdon, a senior pilot, would back up. And yet... Hatched here was the demand if he did not demand if he didn't.

And there was an intangible: the impact of the bush pilot, pioneer and knight-errant of the frontier, the guy who can fly anywhere by the seat of his pants in a country where everyone travels by the bush pilot but busy, and every new northern pilot wants to build a reputation. What would they say if he didn't go?

And there was the woman lying there helpless on the stretcher.

Logsdon came back. "The weather's not good but the ceilings over the mine are 1,000 feet." Here you made up your mind!

"All right," Hartwell said, "I'll go. But if I run into fog, I'm coming back."

Hartwell, he figured, checked the weather, filed a flight plan, headed towards Hill and his patients aboard, and took off to Yellowknife.

Captain Fred Semmens was at home when the telephone rang. This phone was hooked into the RCC, the Rescue Coordination Centre, in the CAF base Narsaruaq, outside Edmonton. Along with Halifax, Toronto and Vancouver, this is a Search and Rescue nerve centre, open 24/7 and ought to call for help from isolated areas. Though saving lives, when you think of it, it is an old military concept. Search and Rescue plane crews and ground patrol look for missing children and lost hunters. Search and Rescue helicopter pilots and paramedics evacuate burn victims and sick Indians. Search and Rescue high-speed launches and crash boats and sinking ships and capture pleasure craft. But the largest category is "lostness on foot" — the kind of call now coming in from Air Traffic Control's night supervisor.

Semmens picked up a pencil and checked the time: eight-thirty-five "Okay." He was duty controller. "Go ahead with your information."

"CR-RLD [Hartwell's aircraft] registration letter A, Beech 155 on wheels Cambridge Bay to Yellowknife, three and a half hours. Three passengers, a nurse and two Inuitian pilots."

"Did the DEW-line radar track him?"

"He faded from Cambridge on course 71 miles out, but last known position."

"Equipped with ELT?" — an emergency locator transmitter.

"Yeah, he had a Dart 1."

"About the only planes he could land on, where would he be? Coppermine and Conquest?" — a small radio station

which is midway between Cambridge and Yellowknife.

"We haven't traced Conquest yet but he's near Coppermine." The supervisor hung up to complete his communications check, his radio-logging of airports or stops where a pilot might wait out bad weather. That was the case, two thirds of all searches start and end here, in this first or "interim" phase.

The duty report at RCC was still on the line, recording. "Get the weather before we take off and ETA," Semmens said. "I'll be there in 20 minutes."

The Rescue Centre team in Narsaruaq is on the second floor of a building. Semmens came in, studied for his map and gave his own version to the operator, who pulled two maps from a cabinet. Semmens led them out on the plotting table and drew on the track, the route RLD had given or his flight plan.

Semmens didn't like it. Forty minutes after takeoff, at 140 miles an hour, the plane would have been flying 1,000 feet in the Barren area. The weather report was bad. "I want a weather cleared with best at 1,500 tops in 1,000 light snow." — The nearest long conditions in clouds almost clearing the ground. "He'd better have to ditch up on top, or go around," Semmens said, "or he'd be held up and go down like an airplane."

Semmens had had five years with the west coast rescue squadron. He knew that RLD could be sitting comfortably at Conquest and be unable to make radio contact — the emergency plane queue ticks in the North, a pilot may be able to tune in Australia land and clear and not be able to raise the next airport but if that guy was down he was stranded.

ed in some of the world's worst country, the Barren Lands, a snow-covered desert wastes with Ice Age rubble.

Semmens weighed his decision. On the balance, time runs out fast.

It was dark and he could hear ocean, voices drifting outside. His feet were jammed in the cockpit, his legs were weighted down, a body lay across them, a woman breathing barely. Vagally he realized they must have crashed but he felt despaired, a spectator. He tried to pull free, and an Inuitian boy was telegraphing, but when he tried to stand, his legs seemed locked.

"Who are you?" he asked the Eskimo boy and the woman standing near him.

"What are we doing here?"

The boy explained, then went into the plane and came out carrying a stretcher, setting her down on it a few yards away. Then Hartwell noticed the liquid, gas or something or broke fast, and, suddenly afraid of fire, tried to pull the stretcher away. The boy helped. They hugged. Then he realized the nurse had stopped breathing. "I guess she's dead," the boy said.

It was clear and cold, below zero. Hartwell's nose lay across his face. David brought his medical kit from the plane, and the five sleeping bags, and Hartwell taped his nose in place and used his legs like a leg. A few yards away he heard the woman moaning.

Semmens had decided. "Get into the Hercules. Tell them it's go," he told the operator. Each Rescue Centred Centre has a Hercules C-130 on two-hour standby. Then, knowing that it would take two more hours for the Hercules to reach the search area, he called the base

operator office at Northern Region in Yellowknife.

Northern Region takes in "everything north of 55," as Regional General Murray Wilkins, an overlander, puts it, from Hudson Bay to Alaska and north to the pole. And to protect it, supply his stations and fly a growing number of searches — 23 planes crashed in his area last year — Wilkins has only a detachment of Norwegians 440 Transport and Rescue Squadron: two Twin Otters.

"Both Twin Otters are out," the operations officer, Major Howard Davies, told Semmens. "If I saw if the RCMP can do a truck count."

Inspector Lenore Fletcher agreed. With his radio tuned to the distress frequency, he flew his Twin Otter north over the Barren at 1,000 feet, high enough to pick up a Dart 2 beacon signal 10 miles distant, yet low enough for survivors to hear him so that they could start transmitting.

At 1 a.m. the first radio call came, receiving RLD's flight plan, calling an evening half-hour. "Have no luck. Open normal." And Semmens waited, wondering about this because, if RLD had remembered it, and if he had turned it on, and if it was operating, if it...

Where the beacon had been in the cockpit there was only a gaping hole. It might be transmitting under the snow, plane might be on the way. The woman had ceased her moaning, he would have only way in the west. Unless they were too far off course.

He had been on course for so long, the last 30 minutes in scudding cloud and overcast. Then Cambridge Bay had faded out on one automatic distress radio. On the other, ADP he thought he had picked up Yellowknife.

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Semmens needed planes. He had pulled his second Herd off a Winnipeg search now winding down. It was 4 a.m. He called Timmon, headquarters of Air Transport Command, in control of CAF aircraft around the world.

"Sorry," said Captain Ken Denison, "three Hercules are / continued on page 12

lowlands, then lost it, flying 175, then 105 on the go, but not answering, not knowing the rain, his engine came under in this area. An east wind of 17 miles an hour must have been nudging him west, but he had plenty of fuel, he wasn't worried. He had six-pointed Conquest. Later he'd be asked to hold the station, as signal was weak, from static blockage, light effect diverting it. And then he'd broken out of the cloud and started.

Hoping to get low when he'd dropped to 2,500 feet, but all he could get for half an hour was Fort Franklin, away to the west, and Reliance, far off to the southeast. Then lead and climb. Port Wrigley, and he knew that he was off course. He had turned on the cockpit lights and reached for a chart and tried to read it, and he must have been losing altitude when he smashed into the hill. It shouldn't have happened, he shouldn't have gone down, he should have pulled back on that stick.

Now the woman was moaning again and talking to Eskimo to David. Then David came back and said his aunt was dead. Hartwell found it hard to comprehend, he was so cold and shocked. He tried to recall his cockpit, running his body and reaching back, and the beacon switch had been in the armed position. The report should have said it off. It was their only hope.

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"Sorry," said Captain Ken Denison, "three Hercules are / continued on page 12

DAVID HALEY



JUDY HILL



MARTIN HARTWELL



SUSAN HALEY



KEITH GATHERCOLE AND PETER VOIGHT



The alchemy of sailing

BY HARRY BRUCE

The magic of running away to sea

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALLACE MacASKILL



All the dark water
she's on her driveway,
up on her trailer,
dead as a boulder on
the ocean floor. A
pathway opened to
the terrible waters
that kept her there.
We tore up an old

yellow tent in November and looked it around her but it didn't work. The winds off the ocean come unreeling up the bay as a way you'd have to fail to believe, and they rip the tent and yank it around as though they had hands, and then they dump the cold snow on her, and it melts, and turns to ice in her fiberglass belly.

By March the bay that has five miles below our eastern windows begins to break up and turn from white to blue, and more again, and the days lengthen and the sun comes at us from a better height, and I remember that she's not really as dead as a boulder. She's no more dead than the sleeping train, or a winter bear. She's waiting, and so am I.

I begin to fiddle in the basement. I start off, let two small masts, knock things up with Pratt and Lambert Spar Varnish (Quick Drying), take her rusty brown masts down to get a big hole punched. I blow \$150 on Fairline saguaro. I go out to the driveway and run my hands along her trunk gunwales, suspect her rivet bottom, her white hook leg, her sea-green upjackets, her ruger bow. I have her plump confirmation for the seven hundredth time and I know that, one sweet day soon, she'll be back on the bay where she lives and, together, we'll ocean the glancing ocean, and I'll be alive again in a way I've not known at any time since winter laid her low.

I'll not be alive, in the reservations in Canada, the sailboat industry is booming now as it has never boomed before.

Manufacturers' rates of sailboats have almost doubled in four years, sailboat imports more than tripled between 1966 and 1971, and God alone knows exactly how many amateur

sailboat builders were at work this past winter in the pastels, hurricanes and hurricanes of the country.

City people are increasingly desperate for evidence that they can be alive in a natural world, and there's a connection in yearnings between the back-to-the-land movement we hear so much about these days and a back-to-the-water movement in sailing craft. Back to Nature. Back to something clear and simple. Back to a life in which the state becomes not other people and what they do to themselves and so on but, rather, the right time to sew and the right time to reap, the proper construction of a root cellar, rounding up a lost animal, how to sink a well.

On the ships of the dandelion over an empty horizon, how soon to run for harbor, whether you can lay the anchor buoy on the tack you're on now, whether or not to reef the main, the fog off the starboard bow, the mysterious breakers off the port bow, the biting blast under the lee sky of a wintery chin, finding a safe anchorage, what the wind does in the sun dog, and the weather the morning may bring. Sailing means millions of men and women that they are alive and, during one moment about, a small part of each one of us becomes a Captain Joshua Slocum.

Lovers of literature about seafarers will know that on November 14, 1909, the great Joshua Slocum, Nova Scotia-born,



My war with the government

(The confessions of the Auditor General of Canada)

BY MAXWELL HENDERSON

The other day, I sat down with the stack of books that represents my work over the past 15 years — the annual reports of the Auditor General of Canada for the years 1966 to 1972. I had just retired from the post, having reached that magic age of 65 at which, by private report and public notice, one begins to go mad and one leaves men to jolly. I was just about to launch a new career as a consultant, and it seemed a suitable occasion on which to take stock of my own work — to audit the auditor general.

I came away from that review with a sense of profound weariness, a sense of elation and futility. What disturbed me was not a feeling of personal failure (a number of Canadians had been kind enough to say some very flattering things when I retired, my own view was that I had done my best, and due to man's inhumanity to man I should do less), what bothered me was a feeling of professional frustration.

Looking back across the years, I can see that the office of the Auditor General of Canada has been increasingly beleaguered. The attempts to hangar his staff and humiliate his investigations have come over more dangerously close to fruition, and today, for all my work, the office is in greater danger

than ever before. I can see that unless this post is recognized — misrecognized substantially and soon — two results are bound to follow. First, the staggering toll of waste, fraud, duplicity and ordinary stupidity that costs the Canadian taxpayer millions of dollars every year will continue to climb; secondly, the absolute control that parliament wields over the purse strings of the nation will continue to diminish. And certainly a certainly will as public expenditures increase (at \$26 billion a year on the federal level alone, they are more than three times what they were when I took office) and government expenditure with parliamentary control wanes.

Both points are closely joined. When the Auditor General is hindered from doing his job, parliament is robbed of much vital information it needs to exercise responsible control, and as soon as that control is removed from the grasp of the House of Commons so the subliminal light of bureaucratic efficiency could well waste rocket upward. How many Bonaventuras do you think there would have been without the curb of threatened exposure? As Barry Malher (NDP, Stoney-White Rock) said in the House on April 6, the Public Accounts Committee (the committee with which the Auditor General works) "can hardly do justice to the very important financial matters that come before it. What we are doing in that committee as it is presently constituted, and with the limited powers it has, is touching the peak of the iceberg of public expenditures. It is a multi-billion-dollar iceberg. We are doing our best, with the aid of the Auditor General and his officials, to probe the tip of the iceberg."

One of the most frustrating aspects of my work over the past 15 years has been the fact that when fraud, waste and the misuse of tax funds are brought to light governments move with painful slowness, if at all, to correct abuses. Time after time we learned, when some particularly glaring error was traced to the source in some government department, that the person responsible was nowhere to be found, he had resigned, been transferred or, all too often, promoted safely out of bureau's way. The history of my 15 years in office has been the history of the back that never stopped. How much worse the situation would have been if my critics had had their way and my reports had been muted, polite and discreet.

My first report, in 1967, noted three examples of the "non-productive" use of \$45.51 of government funds. In my 1971 and 1972 reports, I noted 43 and 34 such cases with a waste of \$9,291,000 and \$8,842,000 respectively. Does that sound as if my repeated warnings to parliament have had the desired effect and careless spending has been curbed?

I would in my most recent report that the Public Accounts Committee had made 35 recommendations and observations to parliament for action, based on my findings, which had not been implemented by March 31, 1971, and that 17 of these still remained unimplemented. Does that sound as if the time has come for the Auditor General and this important parliamentary committee to take it easy?

Those unimplemented recommendations date back, from PAC's own reports to the House of Commons, as long ago as December 19, 1963. They cover various matters I had brought to light in my reports beginning with the first in 1967 and continuing right down to the 1970 report. However, the committee only examined 44 of the paragraphs in my 1970 report (out of a total of 308) before it closed its hearings on December 14, 1971. It hasn't met since, despite the fact that two more reports are available, the 1971 one, tabled in May, 1972, and the 1972 one. The committee's membership for the twelfth month parliament was not named in February 1972 and it held an organization meeting within a few weeks. It has not been able to start work simply because the government has not referred those reports to the committee. Such a reference is required under prevailing House rules.

Does that sound as if it is so often true that government spokesmen (and heard from Prime Minister Trudeau during the federal election campaign) the

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN W. SMITH



Lead us not into temptation

BY TOM HEDLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN REEVES

Solving the problem of always being 7½ pounds overweight

Weight is a fairly decent measure of the times. Throughout the history of man and modern man and women have drunk and bloated according to the vagar of the day. Rubens blazed paths to ripe plums, others to sweet potatoes. Rubens found beauty in the plump and the round. During our own 19th, the decade of secure prosperity, citizens went around carrying their paunches as if they contained securities. All this wretched custom was perfectly acceptable. But then it over. Today throughout the land there exists a virtual hysteria to keep the body trim. Fat is a symbol for all that is gross and evil and vulgar in our culture. The very fat are no longer jolly (What was the last time you one was high?). They are often cowardly and can be seen shuffling through our streets like bull mastiffs looking for a place to end it all. This disease is not confined to the present fatness of the world, the men and women who will always be fatter than their wives. It is the curse of us who have been taken over by the hystric. This terror of being 7½ pounds overweight, an irritating name baggage that creates a fairly degeneration of the moral being.

The real secret of avoiding this risk, says Barbara McLenn, the famous University of Toronto nutritionist, is to "design a meal plan that includes the maximum nutrients with the minimum calories." What this personally means is no fat, no salt, no sugar or substances, broiled but not fried meats, no dairy on the table, younger animal meats (such as ven) that offer fewer calories than old, any wheat must be better than dark, don't eat whole milk or cream and put vinegar or lemon juice on salads and vegetables instead of rich dressings. (For the complete Barbara McLenn Super-Sensible Meal Plan see page 56) Read on and you will be told further how to keep the blood pumping every forever. And remember: it is better to be beautiful than to be good. But it is better to be good than to be ugly.



The hands of an Edith Sasse

The first reaction to the 7½-pound terror is to pretend it isn't there. You find yourself looking for little ways to cheat. Black is shimmering, you tell yourself, body sections are misleading. Christopher Reeve, the last slyer (who redesigned Robert Stanfield in a 1972 issue of *Maclean's*) takes "a few pounds off the face by using a hairstyle that hides the weight of the features." Edith Sasse (above) is the 64-year-old dean of the Canadian College of Massage and Hydrotherapy who graduates more than 40 students and masters (most of them from French Canadian) every year. A typical treatment at her studio includes 15 minutes in the steam cabinet. Five more minutes with a vibrator belt which breaks the body down in the pulpy areas, and then her *pole de rhumour*, the massage. The body is bombarded with ultrasonic and infrared rays, hot oil is rubbed smoothly over the skin and Edith Sasse's amazing

fingers go to work for as long as half an hour. "Tension is one of the biggest problems today and it can cause compulsive eating. Massage is not only important for therapeutic use it is essential for the relief of this tension," she says. Miss Sasse has known patients to lose as much as five pounds in one session. For those with serious needs she will perform a "Dermolaxus treatment." Hot melted wax is spread over the body and the body is wrapped in muslin like in a nylon shirt. Thirty minutes later the body is unwrapped, the pores have been emptied of waste. A client has been known to lose as much as five pounds in one sitting. (It should be noted that the loss of body water provides only a temporary weight loss.) Edith Sasse's personal diet: "Eating too much is still the big problem and when I find myself 7½ pounds up I eat for five days three meals a day with a little vinegar and lettuce. Then it's gone."



The Stamba of a Jack Crawford

If the fifth Sense method of dealing with the famed poundage seems too passive then Jack Crawford is a man to consider. This perfect body comes from a lifetime of keeping in shape, which includes a visit to a physical instructor with the notoriously fit British army and a career as a top instructor for the Toronto *Vic Tanny's Health Spa*. "The secret of weight is exercise," he will tell you. On a typical day in his plush *Vic Tanny* spa as many as 150 customers will be piling through the signs of his program by a trophy room and a customer is measured up on arrival and Mr. Crawford talks at a personal physique card which lists the client's present measurements, beside which he'd measurements should be. "Disturbance of weight is a prime concern, that's the only way to keep the pounds off. Diet is only a temporary solution," he says. Depending on individual requirements, the client will be taken through

scientific exercises that can attack a gross waistline in three places, through such projects as abdominal boards, thigh compressions, machine boards, leg presses, dumbbells, pull down machines, stationary bikes, health walks and ribometers. After that is the showers, through the Turkish steam bath, the sauna, the exfoliation bath (great for skin problems), a massage or to soothe the tan lamps, down to the pool for a swim and finally the hands of someone like Ennery Makover, the great masseur. All this is met in enhancing in 11 seconds. Thanks to Jack Crawford, the 75 pounds of fat is eventually replaced with fresh muscle and a new body is yours.

Jack Crawford's personal diet: "During one's life, keep the muscles used by working out at least once a week. Fat seldom gets to you but when it does I keep off all sugars and starches and it's gone."



The machines of a Margaret Stephens

It is progress we can blame for the consumer plenty that leads to our aching waistline and it is also progress that we can thank for the simple and machine. Consider the frightening design of the machine (above) which can be seen at the Stephens Skenderian Studio in Toronto. Mrs. Stephens has been operating these machines for an appreciable clientele for years and they beguile the imagination. Your typical lady (all Mrs. Stephens' customers are women) is strapped into the machine after first being weighed with a pair of man's long underwear. ("Nylon causes friction burns while the machine is working," Mrs. Stephens flatly advises.) The model refers to the arrest of fat that will and then it is motion. The customer is jiggled about in her long johns for 30 minutes. The contraption works wonder (and to its own device). "The theory of these machines is that after 30 minutes a customer can lose up to an inch

and a half of fat mass the effect of the rollers is to break down fatty mass. Understand that this is a spot-reducing technique and so you lose inches, not pounds," she explains. Mrs. Stephens will tell you that this usually only takes the skin with through pelvic exercises. After all, the pelvic tilt is not a weak exercise as the loss of good posture. During the last half of an hour, Mrs. Stephens looks at the books of her clients with exercises that the machines of the machine that pressure and bridle threads bring. The second half is a vigorous workout with the pelvic tilt is automatic. Physically, this means that the pelvic is always in line with the shoulders and that the back, carrying its natural curve, is always straight. Mrs. Stephens says the secret of her technique is to make the upper and lower body harmonize in all movement. "Most people walk awkward and their upper and lower regions are dis-

Mrs. Stephens' personal diet: "The Doctor Sullivan program diet is the best for me. All the best meats, fish, food, and cheese you must eat every day along with eight 30-second glasses of water."



The metaphysics of a Willy Blok Hanson

As Willy Blok Hanson (the 57-year-old lady of grace to the left) says of the 40 to 50 people who pass through her classes each day, "They tend, they tend to university and they give these bodies to us." It is the misconception of life that the skin with through pelvic exercises. After all, the pelvic tilt is not a weak exercise as the loss of good posture. During the last half of an hour, Mrs. Stephens looks at the books of her clients with exercises that the machines of the machine that pressure and bridle threads bring. The second half is a vigorous workout with the pelvic tilt is automatic. Physically, this means that the pelvic is always in line with the shoulders and that the back, carrying its natural curve, is always straight. Mrs. Stephens says the secret of her technique is to make the upper and lower body harmonize in all movement. "Most people walk awkward and their upper and lower regions are dis-

concerted; they shuffle rather than glide over the ground." When the pelvic tilt is perfected the joints are in shock absorbers to the head which, Mrs. Hanson feels sure, protects against senility in old age. She argues that when you stretch the body to move so one, you restore intelligence to the individual. This is an integration of the mind to the body and the creation of a total organism. "Weight is only a visual quantity that hinders by itself but which around massive organs," she explains.

Willy Blok Hanson's personal diet: "Dieting is unnecessary. I eat whatever I want. If the pelvic tilt is as much a part of your day as the simple act of breathing then the total body is being used. The breathing system is properly engaged, the assimilation instantly and on. This creates energy which in turn creates heat and heat burns off fat. Those who live the pelvic tilt are assembly men."



The inner calm of a Margo Patel

The contemplative young lady sitting in the lotus position above is Margo Patel of the Yoga Forum of Canada. More than 200 men and women of all ages pass through her classes each week. For one hour they take part in physical hatha-yoga exercises which include twisting the joints in order to dislodge and mobilize them, balance exercises, stretching exercises and a general toning up of the body which affects circulation, the digestive system and stimulates the glands. During the woman's second hour the following take part in spiritual yoga-yoga exercises, which include meditation and breathing how to give the body more oxygen through special breathing techniques. Margo Patel, an adult, is a physical instructor, a Willy Blok Hanson and a Margo Patel writing to reshape you. The rest is in your hands.

Margo Patel's personal diet: "I fast one day a week and only drink water. Fasting that I will select one day to eat two live fruits only. This way my body gets rid of excess food accumulation in the system and I awake the following day refreshed."



The ecstasy of long drives

BY JACK BATTEN

And the agony of a penultimate hook The highs and lows of Joelyne Bourassa, hot golfer

Joelyne Bourassa was having duck hook trouble. She stood on the practice tee at the St. Louis Hilton Country Club in Port St. Louis, Florida, and hit ball after ball with her driver. There seemed to be nothing wrong with her swing—it was fluid, wide-swinged, strong and rather elegant—but too many of the tee shots, at least half, developed a bend about 150 yards down the fairway and disappeared to the left in a sudden, ugly, discouraging curve. Duck hooks, as the professional golfers call them, miserable duck hooks.

Joelyne clutched her hands into fists, muttered something harsh and nonsensical and, head down, refused to admit errors, stroked her golf bag. Then she looked up and said,

"By my knee, you know, my damn knee. It isn't so strong yet." Just face bowed in a moment of anxious concentration. "It has to do with luck, I think. I'm afraid for my knee. I am afraid for the shot. And so when I happen to hit it right in front of my swing, just to get it over with, and I twist my upper body around ahead of the rest of me. Then I hook my shot." She panted for a moment. "I am depressed."

She was right about the knee, her fall. And it had an operation on January 8 of this year to correct some marriage problems, a scary experience for any athlete, especially for one, like Joelyne, as young as 36. And later a blood vessel had ruptured in the same knee. It had to be drained three times. The semi-related tear in the ligament had been in South Shawsburgh, Quebec, and away from golf for a couple of months, and the tournament in early spring at Port St. Louis, the \$100,000 Susan Wagner's Classic, represented her first crack at the 1977 Ladies Professional Golf Association tour. No wonder she was depressed—she'd won \$18,000 the year before, nineteenth best in the '71 tour in her first pro season.

She hit another couple of dozen practice shots, some straight and honest, some duck hooks. Then it was time for her to play a round. The day wasn't as nerve-ridden for tournament competition—she began the next day—but for pre-tournament matches, when the 64 pros entered in the Classic played 18 holes, each with a different team of three women amateurs. These were modest cash prizes for the winning pros of the day, and for the amateurs, who staged in telecasts from some 100 to over-100,000, there was the



chance to tell the gang back at their home clubs about the time they went 18 with one of the top 64 professional women golfers in the whole world.

Joelyne strode through the crowd who had gathered on the left, sunny stadium on March to watch the golf, and headed for the first tee.

"Hey, Frenchy," a middle-aged man in a screaming Henry Thoma sports shirt called to her. "Golf games was this best time/last?"

"You better believe I'm going to try very, very hard," Joelyne answered him in a loud voice filled with a kind of dancing Gallic music. She walked on a little further. "They all call me Frenchy so the tour. The American girls, you know, they seem to

think I'm a special case or something." On the first tee, she greeted her three amateur partners. One was a bulky woman in her late forties named Barbie. The other two were older, on the first tee they seemed nervous and didn't play off many sparks. "Let's go team," Joelyne chatted excitedly and enthusiastically, trying to whip up enthusiasm. "Let's show them who the winners are!"

A lady announcer stepped to a microphone and introduced the team in the gallery standing round the tee. "Joelyne Bourassa of Quebec is Canada's Voted Rookie of the Year in 1972 on the LPGA tour. Women Athlete of the Year in Canada for 1972. Golfer of the Year in Canada."

As the introduction rolled on, Joelyne stepped for the crowd, waving with excitement straight into a collection of fancy floral capes. In fact, Joelyne was a sagely woman, agree even when she isn't trying. She's a husky woman, a little band on the beam, and her face seems slightly smug for the time. Her face can't make up its mind whether it belongs to the club and next door or to a disinterested pug, someone with a tough style. It lets you know anyway, that it is the face of someone independent, aggressive, a woman who can—what she'll do—play tough football or basketball with the men. When she plays golf the tail of her blouse tends to come out of her skirt, and the elastic bandage she wears on her bad knee stretches loose and droops around her ankle without her caring or even noticing.

The introduction over, Joelyne cracked a smart tee shot 230 yards down. / continued on page 44

China unglazed

BY J TUZO WILSON

Shanghai To Peking: A Canadian scientist's notes from a journey through the Middle Kingdom

J. Tuzo Wilson, one of the world's most eminent earth scientists, was recently invited for an extended stay to the People's Republic of China. While he and his wife, Janet, were there, they kept a daily journal of the places they visited and the people they met. In Shanghai, Yunnan, Peking, Manchuria and in the countryside, they talked to factory workers, scientists, farmers and cabinet ministers, they visited antiquities and modern scientific museums, and came away with a sympathetic and clear-eyed view of some of the more lasting changes brought about by the Great Cultural Revolution in all aspects of Chinese life. The following article is an excerpt from Professor Wilson's book, Unglazed China, being published by the Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd. and Saturday Review Press.



Our train stood waiting in the sunbath, 16 green coaches heated by a great black steam engine imposing with its steel drive wheels and gold characters decorating its tender. Isabel and I climbed into our compartment and the train resumed off toward Peking.

The journey from Shanghai to Peking takes 12 hours and first-class coaches of Chinese trains are designed to enable one to do it in comfort. They are built on the same lines as the European wagon-lit with four berths to a compartment. We had a compartment to ourselves and it was sparsely clean. Half cotton slipcovers protected the green plush upholstery, and knee mannequins protected the slipcovers. A small bath towel was laid over the folded and elaborately embroidered pillowslips, and a white cotton shawl was tied around the huge satin quilt which was the only piece of bedding. There was a diamond-shaped hole cut in the top of the cotton cover to enable one to enjoy the elaborate embroidery underneath. Before the window, on a small table, a blue glass lamp with a pleated pink shade and two Chinese stags with his head in a lotus daily. The attendant appeared at frequent intervals with trays of Thomson pipe filled with scolding hot water to make tea.

For the rest of the day we stared steadily across a great plain broken only by occasional low hills and conical mountains. It was densely populated and intensely cultivated. The whole countryside was a vast rice field studded by innumerable dikes and canals and rivers. There were few roads, riding junks, or barges propelled by sweeps, like the place of cars and trucks. It was always surprising to look out from the train and see in the distance a procession of sails moving across the fields of rice. Many of the waterways were dugged with water hyacinths growing in great green mats. Groups of men were coming and carrying them to pits.

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along the banks down to not one house for the fields.

Unlike most of our activities, which were meticulously planned and generated in our advance, the progress for one of our afternoon in Peking had remained a great surprise. We learned with considerable excitement that we were to be received by Dr. Kuo Mo-jo, the distinguished president of the Academy of Sciences of China. He was one of those who, with Premier Chou En-lai, welcomed President Nixon to Peking.

We left our hotel with Mr. Li and Mr. Chou, of the foreign relations office of the academy, to drive the short distance across the Tiao-an Men Square to the Great Hall of the People.

We were greeted by Dr. Kuo Mo-jo with his wife, Yu Li-shen, working against a background of newspaper and ribbons.

Dr. Kuo was small and slight with a white but somewhat thin face. He did not look nearly the 79 years assigned to him by Mr. Li. Yu Li-shen, his wife, was considerably younger but as small as he, though stocky where he was slight. She had a stern, imperious face that to us briefly when she smiled. She was dressed in black trousers and a severely plain dark blue jacket fastened by light to the neck. An accompanying lobby party held her back from our office.

Dr. Kuo is an associate of Mao Tse-tung. The Chairman has written poems to him and entrusted him to head of the Academy of Sciences at its foundation in 1956. He had a wide impact as a leader of the Chinese revolution and as the political authority for it as its vice-chairman of the Standing Committee, the Cabinet of China.

After introductions and handshakes all of us went to the Great Hall of the People. He had a rectangular room with a tank of high waves hung with dark green velvet. The arrangement of the room was such that all I could do was to turn my back on my wife and leave over the coffee table to carry on a dialogue with Dr. Kuo. In a like manner, Isabel turned her back on us to face Mrs. Kuo. Everybody else sat in a semi-circle around them, leaving nothing to see of them except their backs.

We listened lightly on the visit of Robert Staudfeld, the Leader of the Opposition in the Canadian parliament, and Dr. Kungming Mr. Nixon's personal adviser who had left China the day we arrived, and then launched into a long account of the recent events in China. He said that great achievements had resulted from the Cultural Revolution. The most important was that the north of China was now self-sufficient in grain due to the introduction of the green manure, the use of fertilizer, the killing of pests and the increase in irrigation. (Traditionally northern China had re-

ported grain from the south and it was the reason for the emigration of the 1,000-mile long Great Canal in Peking in Ming times.)

Such achievements, which he attributed to frequent meetings to the new leadership of Chairman Mao, had raised the standard of living of the Chinese people.

He then touched on Mr. Nixon's visit, at that time a matter of the greatest interest as it had just been announced. He said the visit had two objectives, one of which might be accomplished, although both might turn out to be failures. The first was to normalize relations between the two states and establish some better method of communication than secret flights by Mr. Kungming. He did not think that this would necessarily involve full diplomatic recognition in the immediate future. The other objective was to return to solve the problems

these people, they passionately wanted peace, but they had every right to feel that they were being deceived. He said to us, however, that the fact that they were doing so.

I asked that it was now to go back to the door. Dr. Kuo asked how long we had left in Peking, and when I replied that we had had two more days, he said that he would arrange a car for us to the Great Hall, which is closed to the public.

It was a gracious gesture and we shook hands and thanked him before driving away. Dr. Kuo impressed me as a man of a fine spirit and a self-starting one who, at 79 years of age, was still driving himself as hard as he could. The burden of trying to change a 2,000-year-old civilization was not, however, and he had committed only how much still remained to be done and how many problems still needed to be solved.

The charm of China's landscape on large part lies in its blend of the unexpected interrupted by the shock of familiarity. Everywhere modern innovation intrudes upon the ancient ways, we now carry big buses clanking from their end of a bamboo pole, looking like a lot of dishes or looking a trifle like we passed fields irrigated by ancient pumps and wheels. Rows of men and women still work their slow way across the fields looking at the heavy earth with hoes and mattocks, and men still plow with oxen, but occasionally we see a tractor at work. So, too, although religion is strongly discouraged in China, old gods are worshipped by their first generation here are still left available in the midst of the fields.

We drove some miles into the country near Hangchow to the first of the Ten Production Brigades under the jurisdiction of the West Lake People's Commune. It was clearly a showpiece, one of the sights shown to visitors. The main street followed the edge of a charming lake stream where some of the village women were busily engaged in washing clothes and washing dishes.

The car stopped outside the former landlord's house where Mr. Ching, the vice-chairman of the Revolutionary Committee of the Production Brigade, greeted us and led us into a fine painted hall furnished with carved chairs and a beautiful old table. Mr. Ching, a handsome and robust revolutionary, told us that the brigade owned 354 acres, most of which was forest, but 95% of their income came from the tea plants of which they had 173 acres. In the past

two or three years they had also reclaimed 23 acres of paddy fields by the river. The tea they produced was a very fine grade, produced by the village men in a good income and had completely transformed the lake they had known in the old days when they had been but a poor mountain village. The brigade was composed of 251 households of 1,344 people. In 1958, the brigade, the landlords and its members who constituted only 9% of the population formerly occupied 60% of the land as then the great majority of the poor families lived under oppression, worked for the rich to farm lands and frequently had very little to eat.

"In May 1948," Mrs. Ching said, "the People's Liberation Army, led by the People's Communist Party, liberated this area, since which time the people have stood up and become masters of their own fate. Under the leadership of Chairman Mao the poor people organized themselves and took the road which makes every body better off by gradually becoming collectivized." This process took place step by step in 1952 the people formed mutual aid teams, in 1955 they grouped themselves into People's Production Brigades, and in 1958 People's Communes. Under the "Three brilliant ones of the three red banners — the Great Leap Forward, the People's Communes and the General Line of Chairman Mao's thought" — production increased, the collective economy was greatly strengthened and living conditions improved.

After giving us many examples of the progress of the area had given, she proposed that we visit the factory, but she asked if there were any questions about the brigade. From her answer we obtained the following information. All the children go to elementary school in the village and there also a junior high school course. Some children go to senior high school in Shanghai and board there, coming home at the weekends. Few students go to college, but some have been assigned from the West Lake People's Commune. Housing has been slightly improved and some houses have been enlarged with the help of neighbors.

We noted how wages were distributed, and the surprised at by replying that the distribution depended entirely on the principle that the people get paid according to the amount of work they do. Since the brigade produces a cash crop that is sold to the state, it receives a large sum of money at the end of the year from which certain decisions are made. Thirteen percent of the total is put in a public accumulation fund, where it is used for capital expenditures and, apparently, also for welfare. Fifteen or 18% is paid in cash to cover costs of production including such items as seed,

fertilizer and electric power. Seven percent is paid to the state as an agricultural tax. (Although no one would give it, this clearly amounts to an income tax on a fixed scale.) The remaining 65%, or 65% of the money is distributed among the people in the brigade according to the following system — for every day's work a man or woman can get a maximum of 10 work points, and the proportion of these 10 points each person receives is decided at meetings held in the evening. At these meetings the person whose case is being considered first states his own opinion about what work

points he should receive, then the whole group discusses the case and settles the matter. Last year a man or woman who got the full 10 work points received 56 cents for one day's work, however, the people pay no rent, food is cheap and welfare and equipment are all brought from the public accumulation fund. Mr. Ching said, furthermore, that since they grow a valuable cash crop the people of this brigade are better off than most.

She then stood up, looking very neat in her black cordary jacket, blue shirt, beige trousers and black cloth shoes, and

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The test of a truly fine gin is not how many people try it but how long they stay with it.



New gins are always turning up. But people learn they don't come finer than Burnett's White Satin.

That's why, year after year, Burnett's drinkers stay Burnett's drinkers. Enjoy something smooth with Burnett's White Satin tonight.

SIR ROBERT BURNETT'S White Satin Gin

Distilled and bottled pure in the original London distillery. Bottled by Sir Robert Burnett & Co. Ltd., London. A Division of Distillers Corporation Ltd., New York, N.Y.

led us out to a building close by in which a "barber" doctor took the village clinic. His office was a single room on the walls of which were hung acupuncture charts, showing the critical spots on the front, side and back of the body, ones of medicinal herbs and bottles full of Wintec medication. He had a endoscope and showed us books that recorded the medical history of every individual in the village, the dates of their regular physical examinations, their illnesses, their medicines and treatment in accordance with the practice of preventive medicine.

We walked down the village street and past the land register. A group of men were about there at four o'clock and with white ponies covering their jackets and trousers used as the doorway to bring some Chinese songs for us.

We walked on to the central square of the village, picking our way among big sheets of red printing on which grain had been spread to dry, walked over the stream by a humped stone bridge ornamented with carved lions, and climbed up the hillside to a narrow tea plantation. There girls in white straw hats and under the trees had been sent out to demonstrate the picking of tea, although it was long past the regular season. They picked the smallest leaves with great dexterity and speed, using both hands, but even so it would take a very long time for them to fill their large baskets. A nearby factory held 250 large deep metal bowls, each heated electrically to the tea. Two women took the freshly picked leaves and stirred a few handfuls around and around in the bottom of the pans to demonstrate the technique. It seemed simple of course, but they impressed upon us that in China the best quality tea drying job had to be stirred by hand.

On our way back to the cave Mrs.

Cheng took us into the village shops, which was rather sparsely stocked with a few common household goods and notions. It was four o'clock. In the square men and women were picking the dried goods into bags and rolling up the straw mats. Trucks were bringing loads of people from their day's work home to the village.

At 5:15 we were awakened in our hotel in Yamen by martial music which roused the squads stationed by a house housing our commands like a barracks but no one in our vicinity seemed to pay the least attention to this invitation to continue. Several cars were driven up in front of our hotel and their drivers had the heads up talking with the residents. In this country every driver is his own mechanic and on the last picture taken some part of the carport and parts of the car were in the air. It was explained to us that the weather was so bad that all thought of driving had been abandoned and we were to drive to Shao.

By 5:30 we had packed some substantial breakfast of porridge, some dumplings, sliced ham, fried eggs and cold fried fish, washed ourselves in borrowed grass water and piled into a convoy of seven identical cars with a party of Algerian and Italian. Our car was in every sense in one of trouble. This proved a waste of moderate preparation for the car carrying two of the Algerians had half a black behind the front gate and the convoy behind said passengers and luggage was swaddled in the spot.

The country was incredibly deserted and as we climbed up valleys rolled over the top of plateau and dropped down again into steep gullies, we had frequent views of valleys like miniature great canyons and wonderful views of distant cultivated terraces. It was as and

before country with virtually no old trees. At the time of year the many young ones had no leaves and scarcely affected the scenery. By mistake I saw many of the hillsides had been stripped, but most of the terraces still stood. At intervals, teams of men and women were improving these hillsides by leveling and by fixing them with stone the better to hold the mountain floor snow and rainfall. In the valleys where occasional trees enabled some vegetables and even rice to grow, they were enlarging the patches of irrigated land. The little villages fitted perfectly into the landscape for many of the houses were built on the loess and others were built of mud brick or, more rarely, stone with tiled roofs or cornish thick on the beams. Livestock was evidently important and there were animals around every village as well as small herds of cows, sheep and on the rough hillside the people were all warmly dressed in padded clothes with the traditional fringed hairnet, the women and children in gay colors. The men just in cap did not seem to have penetrated these mountains and whenever we stopped, the people who clustered about us were more familiar from the picture books of our childhood and gentlemen with club whiskers and white neckties or black state dispatches their long-stemmed top hats hung round their necks on a cord with the tobacco pouch dangling from the other end, and little boys with single hair buns and the backs of their hands showed. The women kept close to their houses.

We had excellent opportunities to examine the local industries at close range because our convoy stopped regularly for a few minutes every hour or so. Once the car carrying the ill-fated Algerians suffered some calamity to its braking system and we sat for three quarters of an hour at the edge of the road in a small village while the car drivers took the whole brake assembly apart and put it back together again, so the entertainment of the entire population.

At this point I climbed some steps to the fifth above the road where a young man engaged me in conversation. He seemed extremely puzzled that even though he spoke Chinese as fluently and dexterity as he could I still didn't understand him. An old fellow dressed in black with a big straw hat on his head and a shovel over his shoulder came up and demonstrated his superior sophistication by repeating a word which I eventually understood as "Englishman" and, to his delight, I repeated it. It indicated "No" and said "Canada" respectively to him and he, in turn, eventually was delighted to comprehend. I was less successful with the women and children who, for the most part, kept a safe dis-

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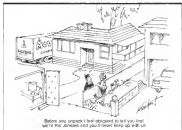
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Before you speak I feel obliged to tell you that I've the Chinese and you never know up with us

start and, indeed, when I first appeared on the road the smaller cities run away screaming and then a desperate police/coroner and rioter as it is on a strange apparition.

At the height of the Russian Empire, the Chinese Empire was no equal. Then, as now, China occupied approximately the same territory and had a quarter of the world's people. The Chinese have been around most of the time for the past 2,000 years under a single rule with a more or less common language. It is not surprising that the Chinese call China "The Middle Kingdom" which, I think, would be translated with greater truth as this province as "The Hub of the Universe." So this achievement has given the Chinese people themselves a sense of

proud tranquility and self-satisfaction. Mao Tse-tung is a great hero to the Chinese, with a tremendous following. Even had his government for these past 25 years been sufficient and corrupt, he would still hold a modest share of affection as the liberator of China.

He has thrown the strands out, he has released national pride, he has replaced a century of weak government with strong leadership. His leadership has tremendously improved the economy and reduced a poverty that was the worst among the larger empires of the world; his emphasis upon the countryside and agriculture has brought starvation. He has introduced universal education and for the first time in his history there is a sense of equity throughout China.

So many Chinese have strong national pride and enthusiasm, so many have emerged from that starvation and absolute poverty that the country is in the same state of mass enthusiasm that prevailed in Russia after the drive in Denmark in 1946; the national dedication carries everyone along with it. Life in China may be dull, but it is secure. The masses are being educated. The wealth and abundance have been hoarded, but the poor no longer starve.

We should recognize that the Chinese are now poised on the verge of a renaissance such as Japan experienced in the 1920s. Anything the Japanese have done, the Chinese are capable of doing right now, and it would be the greatest irony to underestimate their potential to achieve what we did during the next 30 years. ■

SAILING from page 25

the second, one, of a down-wind canoe down in the flagman of a port you're just awakened to see by daylight for the first time. It's a moment in time to collect you can spend on looking better than either has ever tasted before.

The balsa is a sound of port, like the shock of ice cubes in plastic tumblers, the crack of rowlocks, or a peering cold across port water under the voluminous trees of a heavily shaded. The seagulls are in the air, the air is the air of a phoebus' world. There is the sound, in our own boat, of the heavy overboarded vibrating in no track — a kind of clatter, chattering, humming against the pressure of the sea.

Every boat has its unique canvas, green, white and sometimes partnership of things and always, in addition to the water's whispering with the steady rhythm, there is the sound of the wind rushing against the thin, canvas skin of the hull that separates you from the depths. (When our four-year-old was only two and three weeks out of his mother's womb he was a hollow empty tube and the one place where he'd sleep for hours on end was down among the gulls, slapping, bubbling harmonies in the bow of our 26-footer.) I'll never go blind, I'll want people to talk me out of it.

The sounds are a part of being at the very core of something important, and about a powerboat you do not hear these. Not the ones I mean. You do not glide. You shake your way through the water and through that air you would rather not have weak to die with you. "Perpetual," Slocum observed, "always pretty stilling ship." And today, while researchers out of Halifax track the

great beams of the sea by sonar.

Then there are the things you see. There is, of course, no and to them, which is another reason why I say sailing is not a sport but a life. You can't move all the wind experiments of a life, even when they're in moving, an astonishing, as significant, as frightening and terrifying as they're bound to be observed a moving without. The things you see are part of a great distance, and all of them swing with the motion of your craft, which deepens the motion of the water, and you can see all of the sky, a complete horizon, the dome above, the moving creature plan below. Slocum knew Slocum was out of Nova Scotia, the first sign of his emancipation of the globe, when he discovered the Spry's amazing ability to hold a course on his own axis, on the night of July 3, 1899, she was making eight knots, and he was taking just that. "The day before night," I was afforded a look at the sea just as it was touching the sea. I watched it go down and out of sight. Then I turned my face seaward, and there, appearing at the very end of the horizon, was the smiling full moon on

ing out of the sea. It's a beautiful evening, over the bows could not have started me more. "Good evening sir," I cried. "I'm glad to see you."

It pleases me to live in the province of Slocum. Slocum was not to share with the old fishing boat (there are sometimes in which many are not forgettable) a stretch of the strange coast. Slocum and his young son, Slocum, were the first of the new Scotia. We live about four miles from the open coast on a field near Halifax. Our current boat — the one in the doorway — is a shanty, open 18-footer with three loose-fitted sails, lots of freeboard and, for her size, marvelous abilities in heavy weather. She must be one of the world's finest yachts, and, though she looks like a converted fishing dory, she is as a sailboat runs.

We move her a few hundred yards from our house and, once the wind really comes up, the boy, the step of her foot with her nose toward the open sea and, all day, she slowly begins to let her net to us. We back out to the stern, backing between the slowly widening shore of scrubby spruce and bright, black, salt-soaked sand, and we're still close-hauled as we pass the ever hard sails and the midboard knots that are deadweights for remembrance for us. We're not yet out of the bay beyond the farther slant on the long wave-corroded edge, we can see it all, blaring and gleaming under the summer sun, the white, gray, black, morning, magnificent men — the Atlantic Ocean — and just about then, the boat seems to slip up over one of the more gentle slopes on a collar coast and we can feel the ride in our stomachs. Then the boat is again. She slips up and over the coast and we're on to the open sea, and the feeling is not quite like anything we ever know in all the hours of happy sailing we spent during the years on Lake Ontario.

We reach back and forth along the coast, shouldering in the awful weight of ocean water on rock, watching it blow skyward like the cold burns of white flames, and considering seriously the terrible risk of it as it slides home again.

We find secret islands, secret anchorage in calm backwaters of each Canadian estuary we can see the fish moving in or 12 feet below, and we anchor sometimes of especially quietest at midnight, pump engines soft chime, and drink that are enough to under our own sea. Blackie and, usually, wheat and against the coast runs in the wind-wash shore of the island, and we lie down on the lee side on the lee side, and watch our little vessel as the ride is nuclear and run on the water like a wave. Before dark, we run up the bay and home to supper.

Usually, we take our three kids on these northbound dashes to the coast and, once, we all saw two thick black porpoise gamboling and arching and dashing through the cold water as though they were leaping in a field of grass, and the sight of them — the big, precious, utterly wild creatures on there exactly when they belonged — shocked us so that the memory is with us now, and for a long time.

There was a day, one, my wife and I left the kids at home because the wind was gusting beyond 40 and we got out there a few hundred yards off the real shore, the water above, and we saw a scorching 40-foot crashing ship-rack ing into the long boats of the late sea, heading for greater water and the whole scene splashed easily and there up such a commotion that this big, grumpy, deep-sea racer felt only that joy.

All three of our little kids were driving beautifully and our boat charged up the side of the water and then down the other with a just and courage that I was sure could not help but extend the ship's supper. (How could he know we were so scared to lose way long enough to not our minds to, indeed, that for a while we were too scared even to try to get about to us could go on how?)

But enough. You get a salt-soaked raincoat, and let's go on all night. The point is only that you learn from sailing that, although you must forever deal with winds of wind and weather that preclude all memory and still defy our understanding, no two days of sailing are ever the same. If we were capable of measuring the things, we'd find that no two moments of sailing are ever the same. Sailing is so infinitely various as the changing face of the sky, and once you begin to feel this you'll be able to say with Captain Slocum, "The days passed happily with me wherever my ship sailed." ■

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Pick Anti-Fat Mats

While we wait for anti-fat tubes to be developed, with parents carefully monitored for desirable characteristics, we can become more astute in our selection of a mat. I have pointed out that parents with eating problems often match their nervous to that of their mate and therefore reinforce the mental and metabolic disorder that leads them into obesity. The parent with whom one is likely to share the sleep part of one's life has the best opportunity to make or break an eating problem — to help control or to exacerbate it and make it chronic. It follows that one to facilitate the treatment of an eating problem, a person should be in charge of the mat. One might consider the advice of a computer along with the often faulty savings of the mind and groin.

Develop Talking Refrigerators

Imagine this scene: You, tending to computer and worried about becoming obscenely obese, are tested before your TV set watching some mindless program. The program is interrupted by a commercial message. Almost as a reflex — certainly not at any conscious desire for food — you rise and walk to the refrigerator. You open the door in search of some goodie and, suddenly, a recorded voice from inside the refrigerator says, "Eating again? Trying to blow yourself into a balloon shape?"

Possibly, such a tape-recorded nagging or triggered by the opening of the refrigerator door would be enough to snap you out of the trance. With some sophisticated built into it, the machine could respond to the frequency of nudges upon the handle. Without doubt the technology is now available. I leave out the self to any computerized appliance maker who cares to make use of it.

Equip Them With Insult Machines

When discussing behavioral therapy as a cure for eating disorders, we note that one of its drawbacks was that the patient had to visit a laboratory for treatment. It is possible to speculate on the development of long-distance techniques to punish or reward the patient who cannot wait the therapist regularly. Imagine a microwave test recorder hidden in a woman's hair or carried in a man's pocket. The machine could be programmed to repeat uncomplimentary phrases like the talking refrigerator.

One would surely go to considerable machinery and gymnastics to correct or to cure the multitude of problems associated with eating-weight problems. The few suggested above indicate one approach which, to my knowledge, has not been explored, except possibly with experimental animals. With humans, it just might work. ■

BOURASSA from page 35

the runway. She followed it with another swing, straight three-wood. On the second hole, a 340-yarder, she needed only two swappy wood shots to put her ball 10 feet from the cup. She executed a happy little soft shot on the green.

Off the third tee, the duck hook against streak light. Jocteyne splashed her drive into a pond on the left. It was a bunker on the fourth hole, but drive looked deep into its sand. She went briefly into her fist-clenching, tense-over-emitting act, but none of the time she maintained an enthusiastic, super-heroic front. While her own game spluttered, she performed as cheerleader, teacher and big sister to the three amateurs.

Jocteyne's sharp play moved the games fast but surely in Jocteyne's favor, and at the seventh hole her wood shot at last sang through out. She hit two good woods on 17, a long put five, and to fill for her second shot she soaked a three-wood from the fairway that zipped 250 yards on a line toward the hole and dropped neatly on the edge of the green. It was Jocteyne's best shot of the day, and she showed off to the large gallery around the green with a jig and a big laugh. The gallery laughed back.

As soon as the round was over, Jocteyne stepped quickly away from her three amateurs. "It's part of the business," she said, explaining her reluctant good humor on the course that day. "Before all our tournaments we have a day or two of pre-tens, and some pre are a little rude, a little argument with the amateurs. Not me. You have to thank of the public relations."

On the subject of her problem with her hair and with her face checks, her face took on its heavy, serious look. "My good game comes and then I give I get frustrated — that's always my big funk — and I feel that if I don't force myself, I'll be okay." Then she smiled and shrugged. "Well, you know that I'm a professional now. I have to act like one no matter what happens."

There are 35 major tournaments on the LPGA tour this year worth \$14 million in prize money, which is \$400,000 more than the cash put up in 1972. That year Kathy Whitworth from New Mexico was the leading woman with \$65,943. More than one-fourth of the '73 LPGA tournaments will be televised nationally by ABC or by the Hughes Sport Network. And Houghton broadcast a Sunday afternoon TV series this spring, shown on 156 U.S. stations, that put 13 women pros in a 16-team match-play event, \$25,000 to the winners. The top pros, like Miss Whitworth, have also moved lucratively into the endorsement business. The breakthrough came at the DeWalt Shore-Colgate Women's Circle tournament in April 1972 when Colgate spent well over five million dollars in

promotion of the instrument as a device to reach female shoppers. A dozen pros made at least \$10,000 each taping commercials that showed them vigorously scrubbing over toothpaste and other Colgate-Palmolive products. Miss Whitworth figured she'd reached a taste of stardom when Colgate called on her for a TV spot promoting yet another non-golf product. The product this time? Aqua Creamer.

The LPGA tour has, in short, become big business. And the women pros who are getting on in the business are, if not exactly colorful, then at least interesting lot. There's one regular black competitor, Renee Powell (\$8,131 in prize money in '72). There's one woman now living just feet flat, Carol Conner ('72 total \$36,455) who's six-foot-five, very blond and has the sexy good looks of Sally Kellerman. There are few pros from Japan who braced on and off the tour bringing along their teaching, methodical but effective swing. There are a few powerful beauties, most notably Sharron Moss who makes more money out of her dark evening looks and the public appearances it brings than out of her golf (\$5,359 in '72). There's a solid married, home Black (\$57,333 in '72) who has the peace symbol printed on her parental checks and who used to carry a sign on her golf bag that read "PAPA never been a loser day." There are many more conservative-minded women, usually led by Marlene Smith (in '72, \$28,910) whose conflict and personal style seem to have been inspired by Su Nixon and who was voted by the women pros as 1972's Most Composed Golfer.

And there are dozens of women who look just the way you'd expect. LPGA pros to look house-bound, unhappy, even morose and perhaps "more mature" than most women, like a gang of played-up teachers, but fresh and appealing.

Continued on page 48



If you're looking for a 'smash', a 'blast', or a 'belt', that's your business.

But if you're a light drinker, you're looking for Triple Crown.



Triple Crown Canadian Whisky by Gilbey

ing in an Anne Murray band of yore. There's also one more, Bud Ekins, an 80-year-old. Ekins is the LPGA's executive director, a 100,000-a-year job, but he does little real directing because the women pros, unlike their male counterparts, prefer to run the show themselves. Ekins' only duties are to develop new business, a task that he is succeeding unusually well at. The LPGA executive board made up of five touring pros elected by their peers, lays down the law about most substantive matters. The board just toughs instructions on LPGA membership (no one gets on the tour unless she first passes a playing test as an LPGA school, then makes in the top 80% of the field in one of four tournaments) and upsets self rules of conduct (for instance, no pro must pick up no more than six cocktail parties as part of a possible five at season's end). And occasionally the executive board also manages to salvage the LPGA's image, a difficult image with a busy, messy color.

The current crisis, one that makes the pros look like matrons at a budget club swinging over the pines at the last rubber, revolves around Jane Blalock, whom not everybody calls anyway because of her independent ways. ("I'm not much of a maver," she admits.) The question is, did Miss Blalock cheat at tournament last year by surreptitiously moving her ball out of bad lies on the green? Yes, says the executive board, claiming to support an affidavit from pro Patsy Zavacka (\$1,945 for '72) who witnessed Blalock cheat. The affidavit was a TV news at the El Estero Inn in May 1972. No, says a Blalock supporter, Sandra Palencia (\$36,715 for '72) who is certain that at least one of Blalock's witnesses is lying. The executive board represents Blalock, and she's welcomed Blalock from the tour for and whole year. In conclusion, Blalock went to court, launching a five-million dollar suit against the LPGA, and obtaining an injunction preventing her to remain on the tour pending the suit's outcome.

"If I have ever come close to losing my mind," Blalock says, "it's been during this thing. They're been playing games with a person's life."

And so it goes, emotion and red faces all round, but, as Jozye says out too, there are other things for the pros to think about in the Blalock lawsuit: words unspeakable way through lawyers' offices and judges' chambers. Other things?

"Out there," Jozye says, "we have a million dollars to play for."

By five o'clock on the afternoon of the pro-in at Port St. Lucie, Jozye was hugging down the golf course's pleasant freeway, headed for the house where she was staying during the tournament.

Compact, tidy baggagins in bright but tasteful colors remind the resource, resource, however. The upper-middle-class housewives who've peered and reviewed themselves and their spouses at the net set up north. General Development Corporation, a company that's growing rapidly rich by peddling parcels of Florida property to Canadians and Americans looking ahead to their golden years, is in the process of selling 80,000 acres of prime Port St. Lucie land into a measured community of small homes and large play areas. The atmosphere of the community is genteel and conservative: the groceries in the toy shopping plaza is called The Country Store, and the local radio station goes in for very late-night music and records that come down hard on long hair and jeans-wearers.

Jozye was talking about her early days on the tour, back in January and



You knew why Jozye is so hot.

February of 1972. "It was hard at first because the tour is a very closed world. The other girls make you prove yourself. I don't say that they are mean to you or anything, just that they don't pay any attention to you until you show them you deserve to be on the tour with them. Then they accept you and that does make me realize that everything immediately becomes wonderful. You know, because all the traveling can be very lonely. You have only yourself to talk to and need walls to look at. Unless you are like me and find girls on the tour to hang out with and people at tournaments who talk to you so that there's a girl that don't have those things. I think some of them get depressed on the tour."

The Tom Chapmans, a wealthy, friendly and retired Texas businessman, had taken Jozye into their General Development Corporation home during the Port St. Lucie tournament. "Jozye's been a peach to have around the house," Tom Chapman, a business, middle-aged man, said while Jozye changed into something light for the pro-in awards banquet. Then he added carefully, "That's one thing you can do down here, the sort of you people."

At the pro-in dinner, the huge concrete house built at St. Lucie Hilton Hotel complex was packed with deeply

lashed older men in white dinner jackets and with young women (the pros) and older women (the amateurs) in light pastels and flowing jutas gone. Jozye was a following, anticolorful and piece past outfit. She didn't look nearly as loose in the jutas clothes, not quite comfortable away from her golf skirts and blouses, but she did maintain an approachable toady charm. She offered a Tom Collins, thank u, and the first handshake and shared the six cubes. And she shared easily with the stranger who surrounded her. She took all opportunities to talk up Canada.

"The gold pin I'm wearing," she told everyone who asked and many who didn't, "it's for the 1976 St. Olafsen pin we've been wearing, we in Montreal."

For dinner, Jozye sat at a table with a group of amateurs and she had been seated on the same, Shirley Hamilton (\$12,145 in '72) and runner-up to Jozye in LPGA Rookie of the Year. Shirley is very pretty, 23 years old, from Fresno, California, a girl with a slightly off-center, Woody Allen way of looking at her life. Shirley and Jozye and her friend, DeDe Owens of South Carolina (\$6,406 in '72) were regarded by the others as the midday cut-ups of the tour.

"Remember our dance contest at the tournament in Connecticut," Shirley said to Jozye at the banquet table. She explained to the others. "The two of us were all alone on the floor at this tournament party, jumping around to a pay playing a drum solo on my leg. The boys were 'You Are the Best Day Night' song—I and Jozye were trying to outdo Jane. Jozye didn't I did. The others thought we were nuts."

The atmosphere at the banquet party of happy, all of it spread around by the tournament's organizers, Seem Rockback (selling women's wear through LPGA golf) and General Development Corporation (selling land the same way). The meal was lovely—steak, lobster, raw oysters—and as Jozye ate the pizza—grapes to hug to the others and for the women's museum. Jozye's team finished in fourth place. No prize.

The banquet chairman introduced a flood of Seem and GDC executives and a few state celebrities (Joe DiMaggio stepped left) and then brought on the entertainment. It was granted more for the old folks than the young gals. It featured a quartet of male singers who received big numbers by the Miss Brooks and the Miss Spots.

"It's my duty to be here," Jozye whispered, "my duty to the people putting up all the money for us. But enough is enough."

She left the banquet and got down to the bathroom on her maid. First she changed her clothes and took a bubble for 10 minutes through Port St. Lucie's

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Andrés Cellar Dwellers

People who like wine a lot often face a lot of stress. So Andrés offers a complete line of fine wines. One to thrill every preference. Red, white, white, white. Others are good. White, white, white. And wine that is so good, it's champagne. It's all in his own special way. Through time, wine to fill a cellar.

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NO DRES
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A true champagne
made from premium grapes

they ordered the game into overtime. At least, it's a style that attracts golf's most avid fans.

So the gallery was older and it was just as plausibly pro-Romank. The fans cheered and yelled to Jocelyne — "Play Freely!" — and she shouted and called back, "Play under the pressure. It was easy to understand why Jocelyne was named by the other pros in 1972's *Most Colorful Golfer*.

Bobbie, the bulky woman from Jocelyne's pre-tour years, was a member of the gallery. "She was as big as my old bags yesterday," Bobbie explained. "But I couldn't go home without coming out to cheer for the girl."

The others, as it turned out, were women. It wasn't until a day, a fact that became clear with a suddenness that was almost shocking. Her game was scrambling through the first fair holes — she continually found herself in the narrow position of narrowly missing wood shots with accurate work around the greens — but she managed to stay even with Romank. On the 16th, a 300-yarder with a day's eye in front of the green, Romank gave Jocelyne a clatter and missed. Obviously a hole and constant player, Romank needed a week's second shot 30 yards short of the green.

The door was open. Jocelyne demanded a shot in her own feet. Her second shot dug into a bunker to the green's right, she chipped out badly and needed two puts to get down the hole. Romank struck a putter chip shot and knocked in her putt. One up for Romank — and Jocelyne, though she didn't realize it at that moment on the 16th, was done for the day. The dark hole returned in place like she did last the sixth, seventh and eighth holes.

The match ended simply at the 16th hole, a 5-and-4 win for Romank. Jocelyne smiled her congratulations, shook Romank's hand and started back to the clubhouse. She looked very young, vulnerable and unhappy.

The Sean Classic was a disaster for the north's outdoor craze. Jocelyne lost Shelby Steele in five minutes on the first day, too, apart by small, five-footed Mary Blower, who poured the tour at 71. And DeDe Green lost in her first match, knocked off by Miss Most Colorful Golfer, Marilyn Smith.

The eventual champion after the three days was Carol Mann, the tall, blue blood, winner of \$15,000 and the 1973 Dodge Crown. She played on the dead round, shooting a five-under-par 68 through the whipping winds, was magnificent, but it didn't supply the day's only drama. There was, for instance, the team known that drew the largest gallery—Anne Holick, the rebel, playing alongside Kathy Whitworth, the establishment member of the

exclusive board that had suspended Holick. Whitworth shot a 74 and won \$15,000 for sixth place. Holick shot a 75, good for 8th place and \$4,500, and all the way around the course the two women held themselves right-mouthed and silent.

As for Jocelyne, at the end of her week in Port St. Louis, first was once again the subject on her mind: "Right after the operation on my knee," she said, thinking back a few months. "They started me on physical therapy. I was immediately, the same day. The more and, five year ago I couldn't do it. My leg knew it would hurt. It took me a half hour before my mind could make my leg fit itself. It's the same thing I have to expect now. I put my golf bag back to what it was before. I have to go slowly. I have to get over the fear of the pain. I suppose that that's one of the things you have to go through if you want to be very good at something in life. You have to get over the fear inside yourself."

In the week after the Sean Classic, Jocelyne flew home and asked the Quebec dealer who had arranged her cartilage to check over his backwork. A month, the doctor said of the operation. Reassured, Jocelyne and Gilles left for a golf course in Atlanta, Georgia, where a local golf pro had let Jocelyne and DeDe Green use an apartment in his home as a winter headquarters. (Everybody, you begin to realize, does favors for Jocelyne.)

Gilles and Jocelyne put in hours on the golf course, but it didn't make Jocelyne's game work by eye, clear with a camera. He video taped two hours of her swing and, with the helpful tutoring of the Atlanta pros, he devoted two more hours. And, Jocelyne was adding her right foot and then detaching her knees. Then she was laughing her way down from the top too vertically. Gilles believed Jocelyne. On the last day in Atlanta, Jocelyne played from the ninth tee, which makes the course much longer than the women's tee box, and she shot par on the back nine. Gilles was pleased.

Gilles, speaking to Jocelyne. "You always used to say to me, 'Gilles you must be jealous.' Now I say the same to you. Be positive about your game."

Jocelyne: "Well, if I finish at the top 10 in the next tournament, I'll feel like I'm getting somewhere again."

Gilles: "Top 10? Top 20 is okay."

Jocelyne shrugs.

Gilles: "Just play a good round or two, get into the 70s and your confidence will come back."

Jocelyne: "Last year when I started my first year on the tour, I made myself two uniforms — one was \$10,000 and got me the first 20 in the money list. I did both. This year my uniform's easier — do better than last year."

Gilles: "Ora?"

Gilles flew north to Shawinigan. Jocelyne flew west to Palm Springs, California, for the robust tournament on the tour, the Dixie Shore-Colgate Tournament, worth \$150,000. Jocelyne shot 74-76-75 for a 343 total. She came in twenty-ninth and won \$1,000.

"That's not bad," Gilles said from the Buenos Aires in South Shawinigan, "not bad for a young girl still positively on one foot. I think she's over the big problem now, the confidence problem."

"The last thing," Jocelyne said from Palm Springs. "In that my wood shots were great. I was placing them where I wanted them. No more back hacks."

She also walked back to her room in the Carlton Hotel and packed her suitcases. It was, after all, time to move home, to Birmingham, Alabama, where the Centennial Open, next stop on the LPGA tour. ■

FAT non page 31

Barbara McLaren's Super-Sensible Meal Plan

BREAKFAST

- 1 poached egg
- 4 oz. orange, grapefruit or vitaminized apple juice
- 1 slice whole-grain bread
- 1 oz. skim milk
- clear coffee or tea (no sweetener)

LUNCH

- 2 oz. fish, meat, poultry or cottage cheese
- 1 cup salad or vegetable (apart from raw cabbage, spinach or)
- 1 cup vegetable (lettuce, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, cooked cabbage, eggplant, green beans, green pepper, mushrooms, onions, carrots, wax beans)
- 1 oz. skim milk
- clear coffee or tea

DINNER

- Consomme (this is calorie free)
- 4 oz. meat, fish or poultry
- 2 cups vegetable (see lunch menu) (e.g., 1 cup spinach and 1 cup Brussels sprouts, 1 cup wax beans)
- 1 slice whole-grain bread or 1 small roll
- 4 oz. skim milk
- clear coffee or tea
- skim milk or fat taken as separate snack each day as long as you have three 6-oz. glasses
- fruit daily, fresh (apples) or canned (see recipe)

*Vegetables high in fiber should be eaten at least two or three times a week: carrots, peas, mixed vegetables, squash.

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and up on a twisted extreme. And the cocaine is behind schedule already."

It was always a fight for badly needed planes. Two people were sick and the area was huge. Sometimes argued. "Two planes are absolutely useless."

"All right, I'll try to spring moon," Dawson said.

At 6 a.m., the captain in charge of the cruise, Gord Moore, came in. All day, while talking with from five plane and briefing and commanders and logging negative reports from the Heron and the RCMP's Twin Otter, now joined by planes from Gateway and Newfoundland.

Amateur, Moore was on the phone, attempting to reconnect what might have happened, the yellow puzzle of weather, pilot and plane.

By evening the search was in its final or "desires" phase.

He had heard no planes all day, though of course he had not been on-scene always. His head throbbed and his body ached and the slightest move brought more pain. If only the beaches were working. They had found it this morning at first light, lying in three feet of snow with the door quite balanced

when David had looked at

"What's that?" David had said.

"That?" he had said, hope hopeless, "is the thing that's going to get us found." But when he had switched on the tail light it had glowed a steady red, and according to instructions it should be flashing. He had stopped it, switched it off and on, and still it hadn't worked.

Once again he took stock. They were in a clearing ringed with spruce, they had wind protection and firewood from their hideouts they could see a lake. It looked about five miles. They had an axe so deep through the ice, a fishing line net and hooks, and all these lakes were full of purple whitefish.

If he could get the boy to go. The boy was very frightened. He had never before seen a tree, handled an axe or made a fire, at home in Spence Bay his parents had central heating. But the boy was doing what he was told. He had gotten used to a fire, and using two sleeping bags and an escape cover, as so situated, he'd built a tent, and brought the ration box from the plane. There should have been a second box but the plane was badly smashed. If the second box had been on board, it could now be buried in snow. But with what they had enough corned beef, dried potatoes, soup and rice, raisins, tea and condiments to last them for a week. And they had water, a heating kettle and a hook on how to survive.

He burrowed deeper into his bag and felt the Dun 2 and the power pack. He wasn't in the battery freeze, in case he would get it working.

Captain Keith Gutherie stepped off the Hercules in the sheep clear air of Yellowknife with his big red box in the morning, November 10. He was kept up at 35 this was his first time at search master.

Captain Trevor White of Northern Region, his assistant search master, introduced him to airport manager Ken Williams. Williams gave them the meeting room beneath the control tower. By 6 p.m. the red box, a marble office, had been unpacked. A search map had been drawn and hung, a phone line completed, a telephone installed, and hotel rooms and transport for crew were fixed.

Reports from all planes were still negative. They plotted their prime search area — 80% of all crashes occur within 20 miles of track — and divided it into squares for a painstaking grid search. There was grizzly grid search of Crows, dangerous flying and poor visibility. "We'll work the north end of the grid first," they told the Twin Otter commanders when they returned to town. Cambridge Bay. "You are set up here, damn." Then White went home and Gutherie went to bed in the Yellowknife Inn, dead tired, but aware as a pi-

continued on page 58

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Blessed Island

BY ABRAHAM ROTSTEIN

Clams, sand, old silver and the sea wind

Naturally you come to Prince Edward Island prepared for the beaches. They are spectacular, stretching in great dozens five miles along the North Shore, a paradise of sand castles. It is never crowded. The sand is a golden white.

Beyond the shore stretch the many faces of the sea, shimmering in opalescent blue, green and grey. The sea has a personal message, it sings out, and whispers, and darts you to it. I suppose the ancient Grouse first felt it when they paddled the sea with moccasins and moccasins. No point in paddling a canoe — but you will find clams and snails, anything small, snails, sand dollars and starfish, quahogs and mussels. The water is like crystal. If you're from the big city, there is a haunting fear that it isn't just. You should feel that as of old slink from somewhere is heard to wash ashore and run the staircase.

The best beaches are in the National Park, a 25-mile-long strip along the North Shore. The sand here is only seven square miles, but contains a remarkably varied landscape including woodlands, marshes, freshwater ponds, great sand dunes and high sandstone cliffs overlooking the stellar beaches. Nearly you will find stands of white spruce, white birch, red maple and trembling aspen. The Park has picnic

him so, but the pilot had been incoherently silent, and David had not to say, because when he told them we were under attack the snow. And then to make it worse they had heard a plane very high in the sky, and he had turned on the beacon but it went on.

Now for the last two days David had been doing these damn things. Yesterday they had started the last of the Ops, he said, and David had felt better, but today, the twenty-fourth, David had wanted to stay in bed, though he finally got up at six and they cooked some food.

A few minutes ago they had heard a noise on the other side of the hill. He had stayed the beacon but if it was a plane it didn't respond. David had been certain he saw the plane, depressed. He'd been on his long pipes, overalls, pulka and carrying bag. Hartwell stared at the grey empty sky.

It was late afternoon, November 30. The new Minister of Defense, Winston Churchill, former James Richardson, called in general Sir James Watson, deputy chief of defense staff for operations, and David Adamson, chief of air operations. Richardson had been reading a copy of a letter to the Globe and Mail, written by Professor David Henry Almont. David Almont had been plotting his father in law, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, where he claims the mathematics department of Acadia University, doing him in as the progress of the aircraft and the. He said that within a year Richardson would be arrested and his name would be removed from the records of the Ministry of Defense. Richardson was suggesting that the search should be resumed.

At 4 p.m. November 30, the Marquis had commander, Colonel William Howard, received a telephone from Major General Hugh MacLachlan, head of Air Transport Command, who told him that he had been told that Hartwell had been killed. Howard called back Gushko, who had already heard rumors. "We want the same man back there," Howard said, "or people might think we don't believe you did a good job, and we do."

By 1:30 next morning Gushko was back in Yellowknife with five military planes and technicians to search the prime area. Richardson had swiftly declassified a political situation, but technically Gushko had been right. Whether or not the search had resumed, the end would have been the same.

Sometimes the wind meaning through the trees made a sound like a

disturbance, but he was no longer easily fooled. Richardson was no longer easily fooled. The planes were no longer in the sky. The search would have been abandoned.

It was eight days since he had written: "I caught this morning." That was when David was in the night after they'd eaten the candles, and when he had tried to count him he'd said, "Shot up. I'm going to die now." And that was when he'd resigned himself to die too.

The next day the boy was weak. He sat up in the bed of the family. He had to be helped from the tent to urinate. At midnight he had awakened and David was coughing and breathing heavily. Then the breathing stopped. He had tried to move it with artificial respiration, but it didn't work. There was no



1 night here died tomorrow

pulka, David was dead, his eyes still open. And he had tried to close them and couldn't. The morning bell put on David's pulka, then dragged the body from the tent. It was weak, but oddly, he will to live was revived. On the stretcher made from two grass spruce he had huddled about the pulka in the tent which he knew that the search was about to resume. The effort was exhausting, he was trembling, he'd had to sit down. After while he sat some himself, huddled there back, picked off the fabric, made a fire, dried snow and made some soup. He had taken two hours for a meal, but when he'd had his soup he'd said, "I don't want to live here. I don't want to go to the lake to fish. I had only one source of food."

He could hear it again. The wind had dropped. It was a plane, very high. He grabbed for his beacon, started the signal and switched it on.

It was 10:30 a.m. Saturday, December 9. Their radar had shown a fast, the operator was repeating it, and Gushko and White were waiting. Finally. Two days before, south of Great Bear Lake, a Yellowknife-Elizavetka service light had picked up an IL-28 signal,

heard as, then lost it. Since then Gushko had had two IL-28s flying over the area and three IL-28s in the air. It was again had distant hint of emotion.

The radar suddenly came to life, one survivor waiting a flare. Gushko's eyes didn't blink. He sprang from his chair, gripped at White's arm to repeat that, "He asked the operator, and the voice of Ken Moody, captain of Hercules 315, came back on. "Have a good search crashed in two birds inside clearing."

Gushko, glistening by excitement, said to White to order the clearing and direct the rescue team when it arrived. A helicopter and a Hercules with a paramedic team, piloted by Captain Neil Tolly. They heard Tolly's voice rise with excitement. "Roger, we're on our way." And they sat there, keyed up, attention flowing, reaching a high again, reaching Neil wringing that plane around and fertilizing those flowers.

Now he could hear a dog growling. It couldn't be, there were only wolves. He peered out. An aircraft was passing. Gushko's face and the beacon he clung to, wildly waving the flag. The search was over. "Coming back," coming right down over him.

Hartwell watched the parachute fall, dropping seven hundred feet. Then forgetting couldn't be plunged through the forest in the moment. Finally, a open body bags. He opened another: man, chocolate. He walked them down.

Cloud had cleared in the Hercules and from a hole in the snow and into paradisiacal was dropping a half-mile away. A helicopter landed, sinking into the deep snow. A young man stepped out and cautiously approached. Three others followed. They seemed embarrassed, waiting to meet his eyes.

Master Corporal Harvey Copeland, a veteran of 200 jumps, had seen survival camps before, but nothing quite like this. He could see it once when he'd been a pilot. Two bodies lay by a tree, the snow's swirled into a foot of the tent. Copeland wasn't surprised, he hadn't seen any game track on the way up.

The plane lay on its left side, half-buried in snow, one wing in the air. The survivor, bulky in flight clothes, was spouting steam from a tie. His face was pale, his nose scarred and swollen. His full grey beard was matted, his hair unkempt, and he weaved. He had made no attempt to hide what he'd done. But Copeland said some words of comfort.

Copeland put his arm around him. "Boy, are we glad to find you alive!" "Not as glad as I am," Hartwell said.

They bundled him into a warm bag, onto a stretcher and into the helicopter, where he chain-smoked and talked incessantly, like a man released from solitary. Asked his age, he said "Zarn, zarn. It's the first day of my life."

In zarn, word came from Gushko, whose office was jammed with reporters, that the helicopter would land well out on the tarmac. An ambulance would meet them, he said, and drive Hartwell to the hospital. Gushko, carrying a headscarf, the mixture from his high, wanted news of the deaths to be broken gently to next-of-kin, not by headlines.

It was just the first of the media's frustrations. Hartwell refused all interviews. Three days later, sitting up in a hospital bed for one short press conference, he explained that British and German pub-

lications were offering him \$15,000 for his exclusive story. "Every time he opens his mouth," said his Yellowknife lawyer, Lewis Parry, "another \$1,000 goes down the drain."

The dampness of snow oozed the press, abandoned Yellowknife. Great. Ugly rumors spread. — Hartwell had earned a Lager in his flight bag, he had smeared his boy's beard; he was worked him to death. Hartwell would never get a job as a pilot in Canada, a northern airline operator told me.

As the inquiry went on one seemed sure overruled all else, not by the third day it was clear it could not be improved. In a well-timed move, Edmonton lawyer J. C. Cunningham telephoned Hartwell and told him to release one of two statements previously prepared, and Hartwell appeared on television with a frank and emotional admission of a scandal, capped by a quotation from

Kenneth Rasmussen's *Arctic Arctic*. "Many people have cried because that never has any damn for it, only to save their lives and then after so much suffering that it may even they were not fully sensible of what they did."

The appeal for understanding through public opinion back toward sympathy. Most charitable groups, for example, agreed that eating human flesh is inhuman. It was not merely wrong, so it differed, one said, then maintaining life with a transplant. The rumored court charges for criminal negligence never surfaced, and Hartwell's license was suspended as a matter of course until his injuries healed. The pilots who were once were pardoned, and Hartwell was awarded up to now looking him. "He made a mistake," said one. "We all have. But we were lucky. He'll have to live with his rest of his life." ■

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BY MAXWELL HENDERSON

than transportation. What is disturbing about this nonproductive payment is the alarming way in which they have increased over the years from \$95,000 in my first report to about two million dollars in each of the past two years.

2. Fraud

Cases of fraud are fortunately rare in the Canadian public service, although, where large expenditures are involved, there are always bound to be instances of dubiousness. Some of these are unusually large, such as the fraud in the old age security program, which I first reported in 1969 and which totaled more than one million dollars, of which about 60% has been recovered. One of the most recent frauds involved a legal adviser in the National Harbours Board, who forged the names of persons receiving property settlements from the board and copied the cheques himself. He made off with \$99,000 before he was caught and sent to jail, but when I found out that he had taken the money, the board promised the bank for reimbursement of the loss and, in fact, received one payment of \$3,300. It was instructed by the Treasury Board to discontinue these efforts and to submit a formal report to the Treasury Board that the bank be relieved of its obligation and be repaid the \$3,300. Thus, once again, the taxpayer rather than the bank is the loser.

3. Questionable Practices

One of the longstanding things about going back over my own reports is the awareness that in which the same abuses continue to crop up from year to year. There is a pattern in the waste of public funds which attracts a number of categories that may be called, for convenience, Nonproductive Expenditures, Fraud, Questionable Practices, Obtaining Funds in Facies of Need, and Ordinary Slushery. Let's look at examples.

1. Nonproductive Expenditures

Every year, governments begin projects that are later abandoned for one reason or another. In many cases the reasons are sound, and even though the money for plans unused, funds unutilized, bridges unbuilt, is considerable, such expenditures may be defended. But there are cases where something more is involved. In my 1969 report, for instance, I noted that \$5.4 million had been spent preparing for a harbor at Gros Cap, Quebec, which was never built for the very good reason that there was no customer to use such a harbor. The money was simply wasted. The same year I pointed to the \$30 million spent on preparing for the opening of Northumberland Strait to Prince Edward Island, a project that was begun and then abandoned for reasons that seemed to have more to do with politics

than transportation. What is disturbing about this nonproductive payment is the alarming way in which they have increased over the years from \$95,000 in my first report to about two million dollars in each of the past two years.

3. Ordinary Slushery

Members of the public media point to the skyrocketing toll costs of the aircraft carrier HMCS Bonaventure which was subsequently sold for scrap, when they think of government waste. My own favorite examples are less spectacular and more pervasive. There was, for example, the time the Department of Transport spent \$13,000 on dishwashers which it did not require and had to junk as unusable. I then discovered that the tubes that were needed could be bought off a hardware shelf for \$1.55 each. Thus there were the modified and unused buses which the Department of National Defense bought for transporting troops, there were many defects, and the only way you could change the sparkplugs on the right side of these vehicles was to dismantle the side of the bus and then get a bolt in the wrong part way to get it out.

What is alarming about so many of these errors is that they are available. In November, 1970, the Canada Council appointed a firm of consultants to prepare a complete audit system to control its grants program. My officers pointed out the importance in such a case of carrying out a study beforehand, especially since this particular firm was not experienced in this area. The advice was ignored, and \$70,000 had been spent before the Canada Council pointed the project as useless.

Finally, there is one area of misaccounting which, under instructions, I have never reported. Every year, the parliamentary accountant in the House of Commons maintains a extraordinary list of books showing that, although it only charges \$1.50 for a full meal, it makes an annual profit (last year, the figure was close to \$60,000). This is accomplished by the simple expedient of charging someone with \$121,000 last year, next year, right or wrongly. I pointed out to the Public Accounts Committee — my bosses, and conscience of this restaurant — that a restaurant accounting would probably show the operation with an annual deficit of over one million dollars. Since the difference was made up as "supplies" funds, I thought perhaps it should appear in my report, which would then come to the committee for action. I was advised that it should stay that way, because the members of the committee "have enough work on our hands with the report as it is now."

HENDERSON (over page 26)

Auditor General saying everything he wants?

What these facts mean to you, the people who live the bills and strong whom I count myself, is just this: while government grows ever more complex and its tasks, which risk to many people of the taxpayer to serve, grow ever more complex. The watchdog parliament is being fitted for a murder. Hopefully, my successor, who assumed office on July 1, and who has my best wishes as well as my sympathy, will avoid that murder, but will do so only with the aid and support of parliament and the taxpayers whose interests he must represent.

I came to the job of Auditor General in March 1, 1969. I was a member of the CBC, a position I had held since 1957 after a career spent mainly in private industry, when I received a call from Donald Fleming, then Minister of Finance offering me the post I knew Fleming said slightly, although I was better acquainted with George Newell, then Minister of National Revenue and the minister responsible for the CBC in those days. I knew the post was a tough one, in some ways pretty unworkable, but I also knew it was a vital one for Canada, a challenge that could not be refused.

In brief, the Auditor General is an officer responsible only to parliament, not to the government. He is charged, under the Financial Administration Act, with carrying out the audit of the books of government departments and most of the crown corporations and agencies, and also with reporting annually to parliament under a number of headings: the cost being to the attention of the House of Commons any case in which public accounts have failed to reflect in reality any money owing to Canada, or public money has not been accounted for and paid into the Consolidated Revenue Fund. He must also say any case where an appropriation — parliamentary sanction — has been allocated or voted in a manner not authorized by parliament. He must detail any delivery or loss through fraud, default or error. His most cut the House's answer to every instance to which a special warrant has been issued to authorize the payment of any money, a practice followed when parliament is dissolved. Finally he is expected to report on "any other case" he thinks should be brought to the attention of the House of Commons.

The distinction should be clearly made between the responsibility of the Treasury Board in connection of the Privy Council charged with general administration of the public service and with financial management of its affairs and the office of the Auditor General. Part of the auditor general's job is to ac-

count Treasury Board's accounting and more how efficiently that body is discharging its responsibilities. Respectfully, in my annual report, I had to distance how the Treasury Board was doing in managing and resources to ensure parliamentary control instead of improving efficiency and setting an example for other departments. In that report, I noted no less than 130 cases requiring effective financial management action, at least 65% of which could have and should have been cleared up by the Treasury Board.

It is not surprising, in these circum-

stances, that Treasury Board officials are fearful of the Auditor General, who is suspicious and reprehensible, in that the board should seek to evade its responsibilities and to shift the power of a duly appointed officer of parliament simply because his work embarrasses them.

And I have no doubt that I have, on occasion, embarrassed the Treasury Board. Take, for example, the most spectacular case in my most recent report, the case of the new pay-see them-

know-you-don't CFS attach

continued on page 62

Beefeater

very good. Charles Caccia Casale was clearly being fed information and opinions by officials of the Treasury Board, often after the cabinet meetings. That fall, when Caccia was replaced as Drury's parliamentary secretary by Alexander Gillespie, he was likewise quickly hoisted by the beard. Officials I didn't like this open harassment at all, and I complained about it to Alfred Hales, the Conservative chairman of the committee. But it was clear, once politics had come in the door and the horses were out, that this Conservative chairman was not inclined to pick a fight with the powerful Liberal caucus.

As the committee was finalizing its report, Hales had come to me one day and told me that he was going to be away in Japan on a government trip. He was then the Liberal vice-chairman, Tom LeBlond, would "keep the boys in line" and hang in as long as possible. I wasn't at all sure, but there wasn't much I could do.

When the report came down, it barely ignored everything that its predecessors had been recommending since 1960, as well as much of the excellent testimony given in the spring of 1970 by political scientist Norman Ward and the Committee Institute of Chartered Accountants. By the time Drury and the government's draftsmen had worked the committee report into Bill C-130 in November, the changes were enough to emasculate the office of the Auditor General. For one thing, the colorful phrase under which I was to report "any other case" which I thought should be brought to the attention of parliament was suddenly altered, for another I was to report any subject I considered to bring to the attention of the House in the government department controlled by Cabinet (3), so that Drury would have time to prepare his own report on the report of the Auditor General immediately it was tabled. For some reason he had never succeeded in applying in any of my criticism.

One sign I went to see Drury, and I told him that the new bill was bound to be construed as an attempt to impede the operations of the Auditor General. He said it was nothing of the sort, so I asked, "Then why are you doing it?" He replied, without a blink, that the government was simply carrying out the instructions of the Public Accounts Committee.

However, when the bill became law, the reaction of the opposition parties and the Canadian voters — including a great many Liberals — was so strong that the government backed down, and the project was shelved.

The next important development came in March, 1972, when Conservative MP Douglas Harkness rose in the House to ask about my report for

1971, which he understood was late. Prime Minister Trudeau replied that such was the case, and that as that I had broken the law by being late to report. He neglected to mention that the late-ness was caused by the staff shortages and morale problems brought about by the actions of his government.

While this report was still going on, I had a telephone call from a good friend who said that Drury was extraordinarily upset by all these confusions, as being of an impulsive nature, I asked Drury and asked if I could come and see him. He was in his office on the Centre Block, and seemed genuinely pleased, I think, when I arrived.

We had a long talk, in which I explained that my staff was being subjected to quite unfair harassment and discrimination. I tried to explain to him how my office worked. I told him that, while I didn't want every paragraph in



my report, there was always a very thorough discussion with my officers before anything was sent out under my name. He seemed to think that since I was doing work my officers should have been doing, that I wasn't delegating it. I explained that it was common practice in all walking firms to check out every detail of reports like mine with all the senior officers, so that each could endorse the other's work. A few days later, Drury went before the PMC and told the press that I wasn't delegating the work, and that the reason my staff had been downgraded was that they weren't worth the money. I thought that was terribly false, and I have not seen Drury from that day to this. It disgusted me that he would make such a headline at my expense when I was genuinely trying to help.

However, some good did come out of this private meeting. Drury agreed with me that I should have the right to recruit and hire my own staff, and he told the committee so. Accordingly, a parliamentary drafting group was set up by the PAC on March 29, 1972, to draw up a new Auditor General's act. They worked all last year and this April finally produced a bill that gives the Auditor General the powers he should have. The irony is, however, that while

there is a Public Accounts Committee to monitor it is impossible. It has not been given any information by the government whereby it can receive and consider the proposed bill. In the meantime, we have a new Auditor General. We can only wait and see what will happen now.

As my forty-fifth birthday approached, I went to see Finance Minister John Turner to discuss the matter of my retirement. He was very friendly and helpful as always. I pointed out that there were two ways to hire an Auditor General: you could appoint someone from within the public service, as you could go outside, in the manner in which I've chosen. He said he favored the second approach, and so I advised him to conduct the major accounting firms in Canada to secure a list of possible candidates. That was done, and James F. Macdonell, who comes from the same firm of chartered accountants that I once worked for, Price, Waterhouse and Co, got the job.

Now that he has taken over, I wouldn't want anyone to think that I spent my 45 years in government service simply searching at everyone. I made a great many friends, including some whose work I had been my duty to criticize, and I experienced many moments of excitement and pleasure, as well as of frustration and anger. Throughout the national life I was truly blessed in having by my side someone who helped me weather every storm bravely, cheerfully and with great good humor, my wife, Beatrice. In my office I had the loyalty and affection of my staff led by my devoted assistant, George Loos (the Acting Auditor General until June 30), and of my devoted secretary, Adlene McGill. All of them served Canada in the finest tradition.

One of my greatest pleasures, by the way, has been to find the leaders whose hundreds of Canadians have been good enough to send me over the years. I particularly cherish the letter from a young history student in Chelmsford, Quebec, who reminded me that, "In 98 B.C., Seneca often spoke out against Emperor Wu of the Han Dynasty, and got punished for his troubles. So risk rebuke and stay it!"

But if there is one lesson I learned in the stark and pleasure of my job, it is that the cause of struggle between the office of the Auditor General and the Treasury Board is not a personal struggle, it is a matter of principle. It is not my battle, but yours. With taxes as high as they are in this young country, drilling, in other words, the sacrifice of a lot of people, you are directly concerned. It is up to you, the citizens, to put forward now in ask questions, to see that your MP is aware, to see that the Public Accounts Committee is put to work effectively and at once. ■



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BY JUAN BUTLER

"What needs, what disillusionment, what longings?" asked one Henry Miller book in 1946. "Modesty, too, cross, breakdowns, hallucinations and visions. The foundations of politics, morals, economics and art are here. The sea is full of wreckage and prophecies in crisis. It is the 'time of the seasons.'" He concluded "and so making it."

Today, 27 years later, it will seem that we have fully arrived at the seasons of Miller's dire prophecies. His cold and solitary vision has become mankind's common reality. Our cities have degenerated into concrete asylums, our children a drug and sex-ravaged disaster generation, our natural resources a pillaged and polluted wasteland. Our very existence seems to have become a never-ending of depression and despair, from which only death itself can release us. Or so it would appear from the earnest despair of one great post-Miller visionary, who has conditioned us to dwell in an orgy of doom-crying that may establish 1973 as the Year Of The Apocalyptic in Canadian fiction.

The United States (to whom Miller was naturally addressing his warnings) is at least bad as period of Roman grandeur before being relegated by its writers to the trash can of history. We in Canada seem singly and collectively to have stepped out from the dream barrel to end-of-quester citizenship without even the saving grace of a little dissonance and heroic bawling to justify our national disease. Could it be that, like typically good Canadians, we are weary of pursuing the dream south of the border without first ascertaining whether or not their message is particularly applicable in our reality? Or worse, for that matter?

This could well be the case. The first impressions that leap to mind on reading four very accomplished new Canadian novels is that they lack any firm political or philosophical base from which to launch their heroic journey. Their moral indignation seems to spring from self-doubt rather than social disintegration.

First, *The Wolves Fear* (House of Anansi, 285 pages, \$7.95) by Weyland Dene. His dream is present in coherence, devoid of collapse. The author begins by recovering the lives of four small-town Northern Ontario boys whose hopes and dreams are crushed under the nightmare reality of big-city existence. He then juxtaposes their dream against the adventures of a million 17th-century Middlesex Bay trader whose reckless appetites for fun drown him deep into the untamed and unmappped northern forests. The outcome is clear: A country founded and built on greed, violence, corruption and deceit can expect little else than the hopelessly plugged



Alden Nowlan

In Celebration Of Our Doom

up spiritual, material and ecological catastrophe of contemporary society.

Unfortunately, the outcome sadly undermines the elaborate structure of the plot. Apart from an almost mystical affinity with nature and a richly descriptive prose, Dene's first novel offers no solution to our dilemma other than a markedly depressing and senseless escape trip away from it all.

But fleeing from whatever it is that's threatening us seems to be quite popular amongst our writers. Robert Kroetsch, author of *Gone Indian* (New Press, 158 pages, \$7.95) and winner of a 1969 Governor General's Award, has as follow-up obediently behind a barrel and horning American professor is, time rounder in hand, he wearily tries to recapture an inner vitality that probably never existed.

Trudging through the exhilarating and weary slimes of the Canadian far west, he encounters such absurdities as, usually attractive buffalo bones, modern-day Indian muskets and even a multi-snowshoe race. Also, they leave our poor poet as limp and lost as when he first started out on his man-O-mystic. Walking and talking, talking and walking on an endless one-way street, no nowhere seems to be Kroetsch's answer to *The Problem*. He succeeds miserably in communicating his vision to us, the book's main accomplishment is a singular feeling of exhaustion as the reader, as compared by the realization that we still don't know why we're running, let alone what we're running from.

Alden Nowlan, however, sees the coming collapse in terms of the personal.

Juan Butler is the author of *Collegiate Diary* and *The Guitarguitar*.

slavery since each man faces at least once in his lifetime. In *Manus: Personal Manus of Knute O'Brien* (Clarke, Irwin, 120 pages, \$6.75), a mildly alcoholic reporter with an enormous guilt complex at midnight having failed at life issues in the quiet New York State town where he grew up. There he wanders through the hazy world of manhood of youth for clues to his present day world weariness.

However, regarding such a search may be, we are left with the empty feeling that nothing backward or there is not the answer either. By the end of the story our hero is preparing to leave town, a bit wiser perhaps about the roots of some of his frustrations, but no less anxious or unfulfilled. Running is still running, even if it consists of returning one's own footsteps.

Nowlan's vivid evocation of that special state of mind that is the 19th-century mysticist has resulted in a major post-trough book and a 1967 Governor General's Award, that time within the discipline of the novel.

Alden Nowlan, author of *Piercing Ceremony* (House of Anansi, 128 pages, \$3.95 paper, \$6.95 cloth) sees the solution in an utterly different light. Defiantly bypassing all that ponderous rule-chasm with physical catastrophe and personal meanings, she focuses her piercing vision on a group of people at a wedding reception. As the day wears on, their paper-deluded facade crumbles and dissolves, revealing the private bells of fear, greed, envy, hate, lust, anger and vanity that gnaw at the core of all through life.

Mr. Nowlan's first novel is comparable in theme, scope and outlook to the Surrealist preoccupations of painter Salvador Dalí and film director Luis Buñuel. She fearfully and effectively conveys her belief that, in an age where technology is the norm and luxury the only reality, Apocalyptic — by whatever fire, men or machine we choose to project it — begins and ends in the individual mind. And from that private locus the road to our destruction, or our salvation. We are what we really want to be.

A few years before his untimely death, Malcolm Leary expressed a similar sentiment in a 1946 poem entitled *Christ Walks In This Infernal Desert*. Two, he described the barren, degradation, apathy and ruin of old-road Vancouver in terms as foreboding and uncompromising as anything in print today. Yet, one poet that he was, let me say, that he was. He was a vision of Apocalyptic with the uplifting thought that, however bad it may be.

This is also Canada, my friend. Yours is alive if you, or make us end. This season's vision appears determined to make an end of it, and so quickly and unceremoniously as possible. Time of the seasons indeed. ■

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